



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE RUTHWELL CROSS
AND OTHER REMAINS OF

HANNAH MARY WRIGHT

Mr. L. C. M. S.

3

(1873)

—

1000

1000

1000



C



RUTHWELL CROSS, RUTHWELL, NEAR DUMFRIES.

1. COPIES OF THE REPORT

1975

1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force.

1. 2. 3.

[illegible]

...the ...



THE RUTHWELL CROSS

AND

OTHER REMAINS

OF THE LATE

HANNAH MARY WRIGHT,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

WITH BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

“ Nevermore on hill nor dale,
Evermore within the veil ;
Nevermore by stream nor wood,
Evermore beyond the flood ;
Nevermore on old paths seen,
Evermore in pastures green.”

EDINBURGH:

JAMES TAYLOR, 31 CASTLE STREET.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: W. E. FRANKLIN, AND D. H. WILSON.

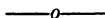
MDCCCLXXIII.

Amg 24

— —
Edinburgh :
Printed by John Greig & Son.
— —



PREFACE.



THE selections from Miss Wright's MSS., given in the following pages, are issued chiefly with the view of affording to her friends some suitable memorial of one who was greatly esteemed and loved. At the same time, it is hoped that an interest attaches to the volume, which will render it acceptable to many who had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with the amiable writer. She was too modest and unpretending to care much for mere literary distinction, but she had a strong desire to write something which might prove helpful to others ; and before her death she had the satisfaction of knowing that some of her writings had been read with pleasure and profit by a large circle of friends. The papers and poems selected for publication in the present volume are, altogether apart from their literary merits, well fitted to exercise an influence for good over the mind of the reader. In the poems we have the breathings of a

devout spirit, the hopeful aspirations of a heaven-taught soul.

“The Ruthwell Cross,” the first composition in the volume, was written with considerable care, and cost her much time and labour. Her attention was first directed to this ancient relic by a lecture on the subject delivered before the members of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, by Mr R. W. Watson. Her interest having been fairly awakened, she commenced to study it for herself. She read almost everything that had been written regarding the stone, conversed with all who could tell her anything about it, and corresponded with some of our most learned antiquarians. In the course of her researches she visited Ruthwell Manse garden, and made a careful inspection of the stone. She also applied herself to the study of the ancient Anglo-Saxon language, and took every means of being correctly informed before finally revising the composition for publication. The translation gives us, in a popular English dress, the entire poem as found by Dr Blume in the Vercelli Library. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Miss Wright’s object in translating this poem was not to exalt the material cross, or to countenance any of the errors which are found mixed up with the truth in this old Saxon lay. Her aim was

simply to give the general reader, who has no time for learned researches, an opportunity of understanding what this ancient stone, erected in the seventh century, actually spoke to our forefathers regarding the way of salvation. It certainly pointed to Christ and Him crucified as the way, and though the leaven of corruption had begun to work, and there is often a strange confounding of the material cross with Him who suffered thereon, still, Jesus Christ was proclaimed as the one Divine Saviour, and the one Mediator between God and man. In the "Dream of the Holy Rood," Mary is referred to as the "Mother of God," and they who wear the token of the Christian Cross on their breast are declared to be "safe and happy." We know that before the close of the seventh century most of the churches which had been planted in England and Scotland by the Culdees, had been induced to own the supremacy of Rome, and that, early in the following century, the struggle between the elders of Iona (who were the last to hold out) and the Bishop of Rome, ended in the former submitting to receive the Latin tonsure. And at the period when this poem is supposed to have been written, the seeds of error had been widely sown, and some of them were beginning to spring up. The natural tendency

of the human mind to look to mere forms and ceremonies for spiritual life was encouraged, and the Word of God had too often to give place to human traditions. But the dark night had not yet set in, and it is interesting to notice, that in the midst of the gathering darkness, the true light still shone, and shone with some clearness. The fundamental truths of the gospel are set forth in this old poem, and the sin-burdened soul is directed to the great sin-Bearer, "Christ, the Almighty Lord," who died for the sins of men, and who thus became the great "Healer" or physician of the soul. Not only is the death of Christ referred to and its design clearly stated, but his "triumphant" ascension is also spoken of, His second coming is proclaimed, and warning is given that there will be an awful day of righteous judgment, when each man shall "receive, for woe or weal, his meed," and when no man will find any plea to urge for himself who has despised the Cross of Christ. The poem contains some passages of great beauty, and many touching references are made in it to the death of our Lord, which may be read with profit by Christian men and women, even in these happier times of revived gospel light. The whole poem is full of interest, as shedding light on the teachings of the Church in the seventh century.

EDINBURGH, *March* 1873.

CONTENTS.




	Page
Brief Memoir of the Author	9
The Written Dream of the Ruthwell Cross	17
Sleep and Dreams	45
Inside Paris	55
Per Crucem ad Lucem	58
The Spirit is Life	61
The Princess Elizabeth	63
The Land of Promise	65
A Fair Floweret	68
Gethsemane	70
Wings	73
A Sabbath Prayer	75
A Ballad for the Times	77
The Cross-Bearers	79
A Winter's Night on the St Lawrence	86
Sir Walter Scott	88
A Song for the Sorrowful	90
Beyond the Shadows	91
"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"	93

	Page
Ephphatha	96
Rabbi Abraham the Jewish Cornelius	98
No Surrender	104
The Well-Beloved	106
"Consider the Lilies"	109
John Britt the Dumb Boy	112
Little Matt the Idiot Child	126
Moung-Moung	132
No Ceiling between Me and Jesus	141
Children's Missionary Hymn	143
William Thew the Collier Boy	145
A Reverie	149
None like Jesus	151
"Nulla Dies Sine Linea"	154
Music	156
Andrew Hofer	157
As Thou Wilt	160



BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

ANNAH MARY WRIGHT, the subject of the following brief sketch, was the only daughter of the Rev. H. W. Wright, M.A., vicar of St John's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was born in that town May 10, 1840. At an early age she acquired a taste for reading, and when very young gave herself enthusiastically to literary pursuits. She had a thirst for knowledge, and loved the walks of science and literature. She gladly availed herself of all the means within her reach which seemed likely to aid her in the work of mental culture. Her intellectual powers were of no mean order, and her mind was well trained and well stored with useful information. She did not allow her faculties to lie dormant. She sought to exercise them for the good of others, and it was her sincere desire to be of some service in the world. Miss Wright took a very active part in Sabbath-school work, and in visiting amongst the poor in her father's populous parish. Of a kindly disposition, she felt keenly for the misery which she saw around her, and she was ever ready to lend a helping hand when help was needed. When the usual methods of rendering aid failed to meet the wants of

some particular case, she was fertile in suggesting expedients, and displayed great ingenuity and tact in carrying out new plans. Miss Wright also took a deep interest in the work of the various Missionary Societies. Active, ardent, and hopeful, and at the same time judicious and persevering, she entered heart and soul into any work which she undertook; and such being the case, we need scarcely add that, as a rule, whatever she did was well done.

As we have already stated, Miss Wright's father is a clergyman of the Church of England, whose sphere of labour is in one of the largest towns in the north of England. About two years ago his health broke down, in consequence of over work, and he was obliged to cease from active labour for a time, and seek restoration in rest and a change of air. He accordingly removed to Scotland with his family, and had been in this country a short time before Miss Wright became seriously indisposed; though symptoms of some internal complaint were seen and felt some time before she left England. Still, she was not consumptive, and the nature of her trouble was such that she kept her healthy appearance till near the end. For the last four or five weeks of her life she was almost entirely confined to bed. Her disease seems to have been one which baffled and deceived her physicians. Her sufferings were very great, but she bore them with Christian patience and fortitude. It was quite customary for her, immediately after obtaining a little relief from some violent fit of pain, to assume her old smile and talk cheerfully with those around her. Affectionate and confiding, all the members of the household, including the servants, were much attached to her, and did what they could to lighten her sufferings.

Neither her regular medical attendant nor any of the other physicians who saw her expected that her illness, for some considerable time at least, would terminate fatally. They even entertained hopes of recovery until the very last. But she seems herself to have had some presentiment of what the issue would be. She had evidently come to the conclusion that her days on earth were numbered, and might soon be cut off. She desired to live and be of use in the world if such were the will of God ; but she was also willing to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. She had known the truth and loved it for a considerable time, but within the last two years she had become more decided, and was less reserved when religious topics were the subject of conversation. To use her own words, she could now truly say :—

“Homeward and heavenward bound,
This one thing I fain would do,
While forgetting things behind,
To that Hope and that Home be true.”

Her spiritual experience grew richer, and the stream of her new life flowed fuller and deeper, as the end drew near. But, like many others, when she first tried to look across the dark river, her eye of faith became rather dim, and the bridge which spans the river being shrouded in mist could not be clearly discerned. During the early part of her illness her father asked her if she was willing and ready without alarm, to pass away, in the event of death being near at hand. She said, “I hope so, but I am so unworthy, and my shortcomings are so many.” But her hope revived when she was reminded that God does not ask us to look within ourselves for the grounds of our justification, but to Jesus, who is the true object of faith. And though still con-

scious of her own unworthiness, she seemed to be able to lay hold of the grand Gospel truth, that in Jesus Christ, the sinner's substitute, God finds a worthiness which makes the sinner just. And when her faith thus rested on the worth and merit of the finished work of Christ, she was satisfied with His worthiness, and content to have none of her own. On another occasion she told her father that she had been making a surrender of herself to Christ. But she added, that he was not to misunderstand her. She had made this surrender before, and now she was only making a renewal of it. Latterly she was able more fully to realise that the believer is complete in Christ, and that in Him she had a meetness for death, and had therefore no reason to fear it. She saw that Christ had already conquered death, and that she too would obtain victory over the last enemy. Talking to her father one day on the subject of death, she used words to the following effect :—"Papa, you will not grieve when I am gone. Here, my sufferings are very great, but you know when death comes I shall have done with them all, and shall fall into the arms of Jesus. And after all, what is death ? It is but the crossing of the Jordan, and that is not much, if only His pierced feet keep pace with mine."

On Thursday the 11th of July 1872, her father, not suspecting that the end was near, left home for a few days. She was much affected in taking leave of him, but did not say much. Next day was to be the last she was to spend on earth. On the Thursday night she was restless the whole night, and her sufferings were unusually severe. She was often in great agony. On Friday afternoon she seemed to fall into a quiet sleep, and after lying in this state nearly two hours, she "slipped away" so peacefully that friends who stood around

could scarcely think her gone, until they looked and saw that her countenance was changed, and that death had done his work surely though silently. Thus the Master came, and somewhat unexpectedly called for her, and without taking time to speak one farewell word she placed her hand in his, and we know that, true to his promise, he did not fail her in the last deep waters, but upheld her, and carried her safely across the river. While friends would fain have thought she was enjoying a peaceful slumber from which she would awaken refreshed, she had fallen asleep in Jesus, and sorrowfully they realised that her bodily eyes would open no more until they open to see the face of him with whom her glorified spirit now dwells.

Her remains were interred in the Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh, on the 17th July. Brightly gleamed the sunlight, flooding the earth with glory on the glad summer day on which her body was laid in the grave, but brighter far the light that shone in the land whither she had gone. They miss not the sunshine of earth who walk in the fields of glory. We think the grave a dark place, and we weep when our friends are laid in a house so narrow, and which, to the eye of sense, looks so cold and cheerless; but we forget that the bosom of Christ is a sweet resting-place, and that the balmiest breezes blow on the "fair myrrh-mountain," where the ransomed souls find safe shelter and sweet refreshment,

"Till the shadows flee away,
Till the breaking of the day."

Miss Wright was a member of the Church of England, and when living in Edinburgh she generally attended St Thomas's Episcopal Church, of which the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond and the Rev. Scott Moncrieff are the ministers.

She also frequently found her way on Sabbath to the Free Church in Fountainbridge, of which the Rev. John Morgan, now of Viewforth Church, was then pastor, and from whose earnest preaching she derived much profit. There is likewise reason to believe that the faithful evangelical ministrations of Mr Drummond and Mr Moncrieff were made the means of blessing to her soul.

As has been already mentioned, Miss Wright, at a very early age, gave herself to literary pursuits. Her love of literature increased as she grew up to womanhood. She read much and thought much ; and had the good sense to perceive that they who wish to excel in anything, must be willing to labour. Her favourite motto was, *Nulla dies sine linea*; and on the fly leaf of one of her MS. books she has quoted Carlyle's words, "Genius means transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all." She did not grudge the mental toil and trouble necessary in order to attain literary excellence ; and she had that genuine enthusiasm which enables its possessor to overcome all difficulties, to profit even by failures, and find a pleasure in being engaged in literary work. Having a taste for the study of languages, she had acquired some knowledge of French, German, and Italian. She was also slightly acquainted with Latin and Greek, and, as will be seen from the first paper in this volume, she had studied the ancient Saxon language to some purpose.

Miss Wright was no idle dreamer dwelling in cloud-land, nursing morbid fancies, and despising the common duties of life. But she found time to indulge her literary tastes, and within the last few years not a few poetical pieces bearing her name have appeared in various periodicals. She has also made a number of spirited translations

from the German and Italian. Her poetical pieces shew that she had depth and tenderness of feeling, and a playful fancy. Her verses are generally smooth and melodious. But they are also distinguished, to some extent, by other and higher qualities. Her best pieces have a certain measured flow and freedom, an unstrained naturalness, a living warmth and glow, without which the most faultlessly written poem is tame and pointless. There is a fine blending of sweetness and strength in some of her later effusions. She understood something of the mechanism of verse, and occasionally succeeded in giving to her verses that literary finish which indicates the hand of the true artist.

Miss Wright's last literary effort was a series of papers for the young which she wrote for *The Olive Branch*, and which appeared from week to week in the columns of that periodical under the general heading, "Little Footprints Left Behind ; or, Facts from Christian Child Life." The last five or six chapters of the "Little Footprints," were written from her deathbed. Several of these narratives attracted attention at the time they appeared, and were read by more than the young. They were always fresh and interesting as well as full of instruction. Many of them contained not a few beautiful thoughts and striking expressions. Even when the story happened to be one which was already well known, she succeeded in imparting to it a new interest. Her style was clear and terse, and none of her narratives were spun out to weariness. Three of these sketches are given in this volume. The last of the series was a talk about the "dim-border land" which lies between life and death. She was even then in the "border land," and getting very near the other side ; and though others knew it not, she seems to have known it herself. Before

laying down her pen for the last time, she pointed her young readers to the end of the path of life, and sought to encourage them, in loving and earnest words, to follow on to know the Lord, and to make sure in the days of youth that Christ was the choice of their heart. When she had finished this concluding chapter, she wrote to the conductors of *The Olive Branch* stating that, should it be the Lord's will to prolong her days, she would like, after she became a little better, to tell her young readers something about the orphanages and other institutions in Germany, giving as the title of the projected series of articles, "Workers and their Work among the Homeless of the Fatherland." But her work was now done, and in a few days after writing the note referred to, she went home to the true Fatherland, where all faithful workers in God's vineyard shall be gathered in the end.

There can be no doubt that had Miss Wright been spared a few years longer she would have done good service by her pen. But in the mysterious providence of God she has scarcely been allowed to enter on the honourable career of usefulness for which he seemed to be preparing her. She has been called away just when her mental powers were reaching maturity; when she was beginning to realise that she had, in some measure, learned the art of writing with clearness and force, and was capable of presenting truth in a form which proved attractive to others. And yet we dare not say that she hath been cut off prematurely, for the great Husbandman never gathers the grain into his garner until it is fully ripe. Too soon her friends have lost her, but not too soon for herself hath she finished her course and entered into the joy of her Lord.

R. R.





THE WRITTEN DREAM
OF THE
RUTHWELL CROSS.

TIME, with her ruthless besom, has swept from off the face of the earth many a curious monument of eld. There are others which she has touched but lightly; long forgotten, they still stand among us, and may still tell their tale, in spite of the lapse of changing centuries. Of the number of these last is the Ruthwell Cross (raised probably about the year 680), which now stands in the manse garden of Ruthwell, within eight miles of Dumfries. Its present surroundings, suggestive of rural peace, must strike the tourist as he looks from the midst of bright flower-beds to the blue waters of the Solway Frith, and possibly (weather being favourable) to the English border beyond them. The Ayrshire height of Criffell pierces the clouds and mists which hide its rugged steeps from view, while in the foreground cattle graze, and within a stone's

throw stands the "Auld Saxon Kirk," for the God's acre joins the manse garden. There is little, however, to remind the visitor of the days of his rude fore-elders, save this column of dull red stone, covered with runes and carvings, where lichens have here and there intruded their pale green growth. On the examination of this antique relic, his attention will be rivetted till a shrill railway whistle cleaves the air, and a rush and a roar unknown to Saxon ears break the stillness of the hour. The surroundings of the Ruthwell Cross were other than these in the days of its founder of the seventh century. As to its history, legend tells us that it was brought from a far-off land, and cast on the sea-shore by shipwreck near Priestwoodside (now called Priestside), a woody hamlet within view of the garden. Thence it was drawn by a team of oxen belonging to a widow, until the harness having suddenly snapped in twain, the people believed that the cross should there and then be set up, the accident having revealed to them the will of Heaven concerning it. It was accordingly erected, and the Ruthwell church was built over it, and worshippers met around it till the Reformation days.

More direct evidence respecting its origin is necessarily uncertain ; much must be left unknown, much unsaid ; yet in spite of the unknown, an interest of no common kind attaches itself to ascertained facts respecting this ancient cross.

Professor Stephens states that the stone of which it is formed is from the same quarry which supplied the

material for the little railway station ; strangely then is the old linked to the new ! The comparatively recent interpretation of the runes into Saxon, justifies the opinion that this monument was the work of a convert to the Christian faith, who, in his new-born zeal, raised it, that it might tell the story of the cross of Calvary to many, both during his lifetime, and after he was laid to his rest. And still it stands to tell the old story, that has lost none of its healing virtue, none of its power, to this very day, nor ever shall, till time shall be no more.

The Saxon cross stood in the church, revered and unharmed, till 1642, when the fever of the Iconoclasts was abroad in the land. An order was then issued for its destruction by the General Assembly of the Church, as it was considered an idolatrous monument. The crisis was an important one, and downright strokes were demanded of those who bore the brunt of the battle for God and for their rights. They dealt with deadly error, and they felt forced to strike at the root of the tree ; but at this distance of time, when the heat of the struggle is over, we cannot fail to mourn over many a dark deed prompted by passion and revenge, nor can we fail to regret the spoliation of works of art and beauty and hoar antiquity.

The prejudice of the conscientious Reformers would not have been abated by the fact that the relic was not merely a cross but a rood or crucifix. Happily for antiquarianism, the decree was not obeyed to the letter, although the monument was then thrown down, and

broken into several pieces. Probably it was at this time that most of the portions of it on which were engraven representations of the crucifixion were defaced. Traces, however, remain, sufficient to prove that the erection was a cross with the figure upon it.

Professor Stephens in his learned work* (so well worth the perusal of all interested in this relic of the past) describes minutely the different carvings and runes on it. An extract from his description is as follows :—
“Group H. The crucifixion nearly gone. The sun and moon above its arms, and traces of figure below.”
The rood lay within the church near the ancient site of the altar, and may, perhaps, have served as seats for the congregation when the form of worship under the consecrated roof was no longer that of Roman Catholicism.

In 1722, it was still seen lying within the church by Mr Pennant, but it was soon afterwards removed to the churchyard, in consequence of alterations in the church. Here it had remained unprotected and exposed to the effects of climate for nearly three centuries, till the appointment to the living of Ruthwell, in 1802, of the late Rev. Dr Duncan.

Appreciating the value of the monument, Dr Duncan had it removed to his garden, where it now stands, and, for its further strength and preservation, he ordered the cross to be hollowed, and an iron stem inserted

* “The Ruthwell Cross,” by Professor Stephens. Published by John Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square, London.

throughout its length. He also made drawings from it, and, singularly enough, copied the Anglo-Saxon runes which he did not understand, more correctly than the Latin characters with which he was familiar. This tended to puzzle subsequent interpreters of the carvings. It is to Dr Duncan, however, that we are indebted for attracting the attention of the learned and the curious to the Ruthwell cross.

His successor, the present incumbent, has, with the same praiseworthy care, caused the cross to be railed off from the "park" or meadow-land. It is still much to be wished that a transparent canopy might be placed over it, as the strong sea-breezes and winter-blasts to which, from its situation, it is peculiarly exposed, sweep roughly around it; so that, even within the last ten years, considerable corroding has been observed in the surface of the stone, which it is of such consequence to the cause of antiquarianism to preserve.

Some of the runic characters are still distinct, while others are much defaced and worn away; but thanks to the research of scholars, the "written unknown" has been read already, and has brought to light a gem of old literature full of value to the historian and the antiquarian; and no less to the Christian missionary, since the rood was raised by a Saxon, in the early days of Christianity, to communicate to beholders the "God-spell" that tells of peace and pardon free-bought for whosoever will come and take thereof.

The carvings on the cross at Ruthwell are considered

to be of various dates ; of these, the runes are probably the oldest. The carved figures represent scenes from Scripture history and the legends of the saints. Some are rudely cut, others highly finished. Near the top is the figure of a dove, with other emblematical carvings. The Saviour of the world is represented with his feet on the swine of Gadara. Below, St Anthony and St Philip, are dividing a loaf in the wilderness. (See Legend in Stephens' "Ruthwell Cross.")

On the opposite side of the pillar have been some fine carvings, but time and decay have so obscured them that their meaning would now be hardly understood but for the Latin inscriptions around them. Encircling the Roman letters are wreathings of vine-branches of ruder workmanship than the figures.

It has been ascertained by measurements and missing fragments, that the cross was originally twenty feet high. Its present height is seventeen and a-half feet. The original transverse arms of the cross have not been found, but modern additions have made it complete, in form at least. A few pieces of the stone were found by a grave-digger ; they had evidently been secretly buried near the last resting-place of some Roman Catholic from superstitious motives ; and they exactly fitted in with larger portions already standing.

Since 1802, various attempts have been made to decipher the characters engraven on this stone, which is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the northern runic remains of antiquity.

Mr (Thorleif G.) Repp, an Icelandic scholar (and, at that time, vice-librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh), was the first to attempt to read the meaning of these runes. He thought they alluded to "the gift of a font, or 'Christ-bason,' and of cattle and lands in Ashfardhal (a place unknown) to the monastery of Therfuse (also unknown)." This was afterwards proved to be a totally incorrect interpretation.

Next, the distinguished Fin Magunsen sought to solve the difficulty. He thought that the strange characters had reference to the marriage-settlement of a Saxon Princess. "But [to quote Professor Stephens' words] neither of the scholars understood Saxon, the language of the venerable pillar which they were studying, and their acquaintance with the Scandinavian tongues served rather to confuse than to aid them. Theirs," he says, "was the difficult and useless task of inventing a new language in which the words were said or made to have been written." Fin Magunsen, however, made a plate of the carvings, which was for some time lost or forgotten; but on its being at length discovered and recognised by the late celebrated surgeon, Sir James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, much additional light was thereby cast on the subject.

It was reserved to Mr John Kemble to prove that this cross was a Christian memorial, and that the letters formed part of a poem on the Holy Rood. In the year 1838, he wrote his famous article on "Anglo-Saxon Runes," and produced his entirely new translation of the

poem, the real subject of which he found to be the Crucifixion.

On this point a passage occurs in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxx. p. 38 (Pre-historic Annals of Scotland). We quote from Dr Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," vol. ii. p. 15.

"Of the general identity between the poem and the inscription not the slightest doubt can exist, and we can therefore no longer depend on any future discovery for supplying the deficiencies of the Runic Legend, though we can only guess as to the full extent to which it was carried out in its original form.

"It always seems probable, says Mr Kemble, that much of the inscription was missing, and the comparison instituted above [that is, we presume, between Mr Kemble's translation of that part of the poem legible on the stone, and of Dr Blume's discovery of the whole poem in the Vercelli Library, to which allusion will presently be made] renders this certain. The passages which remain are too fragmentary ever to have constituted a substantive whole without very considerable additions, which there is no longer room for upon the cross in its present form.

"Buried, perhaps, beneath the soil of ~~the~~ the churchyard, or worked into the walls of neighbouring habitations, the supplementary fragments may yet be reserved for a late resurrection. Should they ever again meet the eyes of men, they will add little to our knowledge, still we should rejoice to find them once again resuming their

old place in the pillar, and helping to re-construct, in its original form, the most beautiful, as well as the most interesting relic of Teutonic antiquity."


But another link was to be added to bear witness to the truth and value of Mr Kemble's work.

In the conventual Library of Vercelli, forty or fifty miles from Milan, a German Professor, Dr Blume, discovered "an old half-destroyed skin book," in the South English or Wessex dialect, which contained six poems.* (See Stephens' "Ruthwell Cross.") He much admired them, and caused them to be copied and published. One of these—"The Dream of the Holy Rood,"—"three hundred and ten lines in length, fell, as it were by accident, into the hands of Mr Kemble, who recognised in twenty lines of it his own translation of the runic inscription on the Ruthwell Cross."

"He found [we again quote from the above-named work] *that they were identical with the inscription which he had previously deciphered on the Ruthwell obelisk. So exact had been his text and version that the discovery of the manuscript copy only led him to correct some three letters.*"

Professor Stephens gives an erudite translation of the Vercelli cross poem, abounding in obsolete and foreign terms; curious and interesting, no doubt, to the learned, but to the ordinary reader unintelligible. Germany pos-

* Since that time, these six poems have been literally translated into English, and published by the Ælfric Society, but complete copies of this work are very rare.



sesses at least one popular translation of it, but it is believed that England has hitherto had no rendering, in metre, of her own old poem, in the modern tongue, although "The Speech of the Holy Rood" has been translated with much force and simplicity in the notice of the Ruthwell Cross in Dr Stuart's work, of which mention has been made.


For these reasons, the present writer attempts a translation. It is somewhat surprising, nevertheless, that the extreme beauty of the original has not ere this drawn forth an echo of this early English lay from abler hands.

Many questions have arisen touching the writer of "The Dream of the Holy Rood," and its date.

Runic characters have been found on the cross, which, when rendered into Saxon, read thus, — "Cadmon Mæfaucetho," or "Cadmon me Fawd," that is, "Cædmon me made." And as this writer died A.D. 680, the erection of the cross, if he were its founder, could not have been later than that year.

The venerable Bede tells that Cædmon was the first to compose sacred poetry in old English, also he was the only man of his day of learning or refinement of thought equal to the execution of such a writing; and thus, although before the close of the eighth century, Northumbria had attained a higher degree of civilisation than any other part of Teutonic Europe.

It will be remembered that the Ruthwell Cross then stood on Northumbrian ground, and that Cædmon, the presumed author of the dream-lay, was a native of



Whitby, and therefore a Northumbrian, for the kingdom of Northumbria embraced at this period all the land south of the Firth of Forth and north of the Humber. "There can be little doubt," says Professor Stuart, "that the cross at Ruthwell is to be regarded as a monument of the Anglo-Saxon occupation of Annandale. The power of the Northumbrian kingdom came to an end towards the close of the eighth century, so that the date of the monument cannot be later than this time." The story of Cædmon's poet-birth, though well known, is sufficiently unique to bear repetition.

Living at Whitby, as a humble neat-herd of the seventh century, he had an aversion to song ; and when the five-stringed harp was passed round the board, according to the custom of his time, that each might lend his share of song to the general entertainment, he would slip away unobserved ere his turn came.

On one such occasion he fell asleep among his cattle in the stable, and dreamed that an angel came to him and said, "Sing, Cædmon !" He answered that he could not ; but on the command being repeated, he sang a song of the creation. On awaking, he remembered the words of the dream-lay, and added many other words thereto. These dream verses have been handed down. We venture on the following translation of the fragment :—

The Ruler of heaven's kingdom
Must we, His creatures, praise ;



The might of the Creator,
His mind and wondrous ways.

The Lord, the glorious Father
Of wonders everywhere !
Eternal Lord, Creator,
His goodness we declare !

He shaped the first of all things,
Yon heavens for roof he spread
For us, for us, earth's offspring,
To shield us overhead !

Then afterwards the earth
Mankind's great Guardian made,
The eternal Lord for men
Its vast foundations laid !
The Almighty Lord is He !

On reciting his verses to the town-reeve or sheriff, the latter was so struck with their beauty that he took the poet to St Hilda, the abbess of Whitby, by whom he was persuaded to adopt a religious life. In doing this he became possessed of opportunities for culture, of which he did not fail to avail himself. From this time Cædmon sang sweet songs on holy themes for the benefit of the monks and for the teaching of the novices. Bede, in his chronicles, gives a touching sketch of the closing scenes of this good man's life. Strong pre-

sumptive evidence at least exists of Cædmon being the author of "The Dream of the Holy Rood."

According to tradition, the Holy Cross, with the crosses of the thieves, had been hidden in the earth, and were found by St Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, on the third day of May, A.D. 328, hence called "Rude Day" or "Rood Day."

"Thus was the holy Roode i-founde the thridde day of May,
That we clepeth in holichirche the Holy Roode day."*


The true Cross was readily distinguished from the crosses of the thieves by the "proved" healing virtue of the former; for the legend relates how a dead body was brought to life as soon as it was laid on the wood of the *Holy Rood*, and "a great light came up from the place in which the Holy Rood was discovered, and there appeared the nails shining and glistening in the earth like the purest gold."

The exposition, or public honouring of the Cross, was first observed on September 14, A.D. 642, when the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross was instituted in the Romish Church, which was so fast becoming corrupted with errors. Perhaps the institution of this festival (which must have been a marked ecclesiastical era, and was identical with the time of the restoration of

* See "Legends of the Holy Rood" from the Bodleian Library, edited by Dr Richard Morris, 1871; also, Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.

the supposed true Cross to Calvary) was the cause of the composition of the Vercelli Cross poem ; perhaps, too, it was the first celebration of this feast that suggested to the mind of the Saxon the idea of erecting the runic cross at Ruthwell, as the date of the institution of the former and that of the erection of this ancient cross could not have been very far apart.

As to the poem of "The Dream of the Holy Rood," it has a speech and a song of its own. A few introductory words will therefore suffice. And first, as to Saxon poetry in general. The mission of the gleeman or "gligman" was to preserve history and romance from oblivion, to throw his subject-matter into the form of alliterative rhythm, and to set it to some improvised strain or rude harmony on the lyre, which he always carried about with him. His lays were the "amber," so to speak, in which great events and deeds of doughty heroes were crystalised. His position was important in the days when next to none save monks could read and write, when books were scarce, and printing was not. The people heard his lay, and caught the words and airs, often inaccurately ; and, through this precarious channel, the literature of the land was handed down from father to son. The characteristics of these songs were, usually, conciseness of style, and short-lined and oft-changing metre. These, together with the wild ring of alliteration, must, in a measure, be lost in modern English. The thoughts, like those of most half-civilised nations, instead of being sustained or argumentative,



were rather like flashing lights, sharp, quick home-thrusts, or what is known in music as staccato. The gligman's lay might, or might not, be clad in poetry (the poem in question undoubtedly was so), but poetry was not a *sine quâ non* in his profession. He only needed to be a "maker," according to the literal rendering from the Greek of our word *poet*. It was only necessary that he should be a "sceop," or shaper of metre-craft (meter-craft), in contradistinction to the overflowing of the heart of the songster who joyously trills out his ecstatic lay because he cannot help it.

The song of the Saxon "sceop" was not, generally speaking, nearly so imaginative as that of the Scandinavian skald, whose lay abounded in far-fetched metaphor, and was involved in almost endless figures of speech, if we may judge of the whole class of the Northinger's verse from those portions of Icelandic saga which have been recently prepared by patient scholars for the perusal of the English reader.

The scheme of the Vercelli Cross poem is as follows : A sleeper dreams ; his vision is very fair ; he sees a cross bewreathed in light, brightly begemmed, hanging in mid-air, and revered by the angels. Whilst watching, he beholds it sorely smitten, gaping with gashes. Here is a singular blending of the idea of the cross with the person of the Saviour who suffered upon it. The dreamer weeps, and the rood tree speaks. In its speech it tells how, from among the trees of the wood it was hewn down, and how the cross was made out of

it ; how the Lord was crucified upon it ; and how, at his death, the welkin was darkened, and all things shapen bewept the fall of the King.

The poet tells us the story of the crucified through the medium of his own Saxon ideas. Impressed with the immensity of the free gift—the wonderful self-sacrifice for man, he calls the Saviour the “Atheling,” or Noble One ; the “Beorn,” or Warrior Knight (hence Baron). He tells how the sorrowing thanes or disciples (learning knights,—“leorningcnihtas,” as the Saxon Testament has it) buried the dead Christ in a “mould-house,” rock-hewn sepulchres having been unknown in the land of our forefathers.

The Saxon writer must often have seen the richly adorned crosses of the Italian monks who first came over to Canterbury, and thence to Northumbria, and other parts of the island, in the century before that in which he lived. He had heard the wandering friars, standing beside their preaching crosses, tell how the Lord Jesus suffered on the hill of Calvary ; and he had heard them (mixing their own traditions with the truth) tell how the cross on which He died, was found deep in the ground at Jerusalem by St Helena, A.D. 328.

And as the writer of the dream-lay listened to the words of the cowled and hooded friars, he determined to forsake the worship of his fathers (whether they had bowed before Druidic circles, or satisfied the religious cravings of the soul by yet ruder forms of prayer), and

thenceforward he vowed to cling for his salvation to the redeeming power of the Lord Jesus.

Actuated by his newly kindled zeal, he reared this preaching cross in a true missionary spirit, engraving on it runic characters, telling the reason of his faith.

His spiritual instructors in the religion so lately learnt, taught, together with love and veneration for the Saviour, the worship of the cross, and practised the sign of the cross to distinguish them from pagans. The impressions which his poetic mind received from such teaching will readily be seen in the Rood-Lay. He tells with exultation of his change of creed, and the happiness he experienced therein ; of his love for the Saviour, and for His cross ; and for the bright hopes of heaven secured to him in believing therein unto salvation.

And he concludes his lay in looking forward to the triumphal second coming to earth of this same Jesus, with myriads of saints and angels, to take His people to His Home-Halls.

THE DREAM OF THE HOLY ROOD.

Lo ! a dream most fair
I will tell !
At the midnight hour,
As I slept
(And the rest-bringing sleep

THE RUTHWELL CROSS.

Is sweet)
Came this wonderful dream to me !


Methought in mid-air that a tree
Was hanging, bewreath'd all in light,
And marvellous was it to see
So fair and so lovely a sight.

The Beacon was shap'd with gold ;
On earth, at its corners four,
With gems it was studded o'er
Of price untold.

With gems it was spanned on high,
Of a five-fold brilliancy ;
No jewels more bright could be,
Fair to the eye.

'Twas no gallows uprais'd for wicked men,
'Twas beheld by the angel-armies all,
In heavenly beauty array'd and clad !
'Twas seen and adored by the holy ones,
By the earth, and all things that shapen are—
A wonderful victory-tree !

Yet I, a sinner, and sad,
Sin-wounded, and stained with sin,
I saw that most wonderful tree,
All decked out so worthily ;
Joy shining—
Gold begirded !



Worthily gems have
Bewreathed and encircled
That wonderful tree !


Yet soon saw I,
Through the gems and the gold,
That the arm of the strong
Had heavily smitten it.
From the right side of strength
Flowed forth the red blood !

Then sorest of sorrow
Strictly beset me,
And fearful was I
For this fairest of sights !

Then saw I a change
Come o'er the red beacon,
Weeds waved over it,
Bloomed they beside it.

Weltering in life-blood,
Besoil'd and bestain'd,
Gaping with gashes,
Beheld I this beacon !

Rueful and care-worn
Lay I long while there,
Woefully watching
The Healer's tree !



Then heard I it loudly
Burst forth into speech ;
And these are the words
Of the wood of the tree :—

SPEECH OF THE HOLY ROOD.


Even yet do I remember, how from the holt's end
I was hewn down and laid hold of by many,
Up-stirred and awakened by voices !

Rudely the foeman wrought ;
In their strength they bore me up,
And they roughly gazed on this sight,
With hatred, and cursing, and scorn !

On shoulders of chieftains up-borne,
On a hill at length set down,
They fastened me there upright !

With haste and in mickle might
The Freer of lost mankind,
All fearless, to mount me, uprose !

Then durst I nor bow nor fall,
Beyond the word that the Lord spake forth,
Yet sorely trembled I : and, lo, I saw
That the depths of the earth upheaved and shook !



Each foeman I fain would have felled,
But fast and firmly I stood !

Upgirded Him then the young "Beorn,"
Even He that was God Almighty,
Strong and steadfastly minded, all bravely and boldly,
In the sight of many ! For He would loosen and
deliver mankind.

When grasp'd and up-clomb by that Great Beorn,
Then I trembled and shook !
I fain would have fallen and cast myself low on the
ground,
Yet feared I, and I durst not bow to the earth,
But steadfast and firm I stood !

Rood was I reared in air
High rais'd I the King,
Richest of Kings, and Lord of the heavens !

Bend earthward I durst not !
Rude and dark were the nails that through me were
driven ;
Rough and deep were the scars wherewith I was riven !
With wide gashes gaping,
Yet dared I no foeman to scathe nor to kill !

Us both then they mocked, and they scoffed at us twain,
Streamed o'er me the blood of the wounded and slain,



As it flowed from the side of the man who died,
When the ghost He had up-yielded !

Abode I long time on the hill enduring
Wrath the weirdest !

Saw I suffering, sorely and sadly, as servant of many,
The God of the armies of heaven !

Drear was the darkness, enwreathing the welkin,
Enshrouding the corpse of the Ruler-king !
And shadows obscured the shining sheen of the splendid
sky,
— Wain 'neath the welkin !


Wept all things shapen, moaning and mourning
The fall of their King !

Christ on the Rood !
Thither from far, fast came His thanes, their Atheling to
see !

All this beheld I !
Sorely with sorrow was I distressed,
Humbly, however, to the hands of His servants,
And meekly bent I ;
For with mickle might I fain would have holpen them !

Took they then the Almighty God, and lifted Him up
From the heavy woe !

The fighting men left me,—wounded and pierced
through,
Standing and streaming with blood of the slain !



Laid they down His form limb-weary—
Stood they near His lifeless head—
Long beholding—fondly gazing,
Where He lay—the Lord of heaven !
There He rested worn and weary,
All the mickle death-fight won !

In sight of the slayers all, His followers and friends
drew near,
Began they to work in the mould, and make him a
mould-house there.

Then the brightest of stones they took, and they carved
them, and set them up.
Then laid they the Ruler there,—their King and their
Victor-Lord !

Began they their sorrow-lays to sing on that even-tide ;
And weeping and wailing for woe,
They fain would have tarried there,
Work-weary and sad !

Lowly and lonesome rest He there !
Yet for a while stood I still there—
Woe-wailing rood !

While cold lay His corpse (fair soul-house where dwelt
He !)
Up-rose then a band of the fighting men.

Began then these foemen to fell me to earth !
Weird was the spell told in each stroke !

Then these sinful men—down deeply delved they,
And a pit made they, and me hid therein !

But the thanes of the Lord—even my friends—
There found me, and thence they drew me out,
And soon they with silver and gold begirded me !

Hear thou while I tell, most beloved friend,
What from the work of baleful men, this beacon hath
borne !

Near cometh the time even now, when from over the
earth far and wide,
Yea—from over the vast creation,
Men shall bow before this beacon !

For a while on me suffered the Son of God,
Now therefore glorious am I made,
High lifted under heaven ;
And I may healer be to every one
That feareth before me !

Of yore bore I hardest of woe,
I was loathed of the people,
Till I opened aright the Way of Life—
—Refreshment bearing for all !


Behold I am honoured more
By the elder with glory crowned

Than all the trees of the wood,
Yea, even as Mary herself,
As Mary, the mother of God,
Most worthy of women is held,
And magnified much before all !

Then hear, oh beloved friend—I charge thee this sight
to tell—
Now—always—till life shall end—this Rood-Tree spell !
And tire not to tell abroad these words of the wondrous
tree,
Where Christ, the Almighty Lord, once died for thee,
And sorest of suffering bore for sins by old Adam done,
And all the unrighteousness of each unrighteous son.

The Lord in his mickle might, hath tasted of death for
men,
And up, amid heavenly light, is veiled from mortal ken !
He yet will come back again, the earth and mankind to
see,
And judgment He shall ordain in majesty !
In grand and in awful gloom, with angels He shall
descend !
That terrible day of doom, the world shall end !


Then God Himself, the Judge, shall judge with power ;
Yea, each, and every man, as is his deed,
In this his life's frail, fleet, and passing hour,
Shall then receive, for woe or weal, his meed !



Yet hopelessly none need wail for words that the Ruler
saith,
Nor stricken with panic pale,—in fear of death !
One test shall the many bear
For Christ the great Healer's sake ;
The bitter of death will ye dare
To drink and take ?
He loved you, and dared the grave for every poor
sinner's sake ;
He died all mankind to save—this will ye take ?
Then all shall be seized with fear, nor bethink them of
words to say,
In judgment, when they appear—that awful day !
Yet soul of no man need fail, nor fearful of heart need
be,
Nor stricken with panic pale, without a plea !
For safe, and happy, and blest, this token who wears in
life,
The Christian cross on his breast, secure 'mid strife.
Through faith in the cross is given the power from the
earth to rise,
And soar to the home in heaven, beyond the skies !

THE DREAMER CONTINUES THE ADDRESS HE HAD AT
FIRST BEGAN.

As lonely I lay in my little home,
To the beacon I bowed with mickle might ;




While, crowding more fast than the fancies roam,
Wild flame-thoughts rushed on through my mind that
night !

Now longing desires and musings arise,
And hence shall the hope of my life be here,
To keep this bright vision all fresh in mine eyes,
And ever the victory beacon to fear,
So I oftener than others with worship draw near.

And with will and with mickle might I'll cling
To this tree for my refuge and highest good ;
And the spring of my gleeful gladness I'll sing—
'Tis my claim and my right to this Holy Rood.

Far hence are my friends, folded safe on high,
Entangled no more with this earth's cold care ;
For, sought by the glory-King in the sky,
They dwell in the heavenly mansions there
In joy—with the Father on high—his saints made fair !


Come, day, when to earth the Rood shall descend !
My soul for that day doth longingly ween.
These fetters and care-coils of earth it shall rend ;
Come, Rood of the Lord, that once I have seen,
And bring me to heaven and its mickle bliss,
To feast with the holy set down at His board,
To dwell where for ever all happiness is—
The courts of the blest, with the sons of the Lord.
He'll crown me with joy, and I'll taste of His children's
reward !



Lo ! Christ is my friend, who suffered erewhile
On the gallows-tree for the sins of men ;
He loos'd and forgave us, he knew no guile,
He gives us His life—we are pure again,
'Mid cloudless, clear air, gives a home in the heaven!
E'en hope was kindled, 'mid darkness and death,
And beauty and bliss and blooming was given
(For Christ giveth life, the written Word saith),
When the Saviour endured the hot flame's fiery breath !

The Victor of victors ! God's holy Son !
Lo ! many bright armies attend his train ;
With might and with speed are His conquests won !
Triumphant He reacheth His kingdom again !
He—Ruler almighty—gave endless bliss
To angels and holy ones, hosts on high,
Who dwell where the mystery of glory is,
The gates of one pearl in the splendid sky,
That uplifted their heads when the victor passed by !

Hark ! loud hallelujahs !
See, myriads His train !
The Mighty ! He cometh
His Home-Halls to gain !



SLEEP AND DREAMS.



F all the phenomena continually occurring around us, what more mysterious than sleep?—a riddle which never has been fully explained, and probably never will be! Here we feel our ignorance, and cannot speculate. The Germans call sleep the “twin brother of death”; but death came into the world as a curse, sleep comes as a blessing. What should we do without it,—“Blessed barrier betwixt day and day”? It is essential to life. To him who toils “in the sweat of his brow,” sleep is sweet; but “brain labour is harder than hand labour,” and the thinker requires more sleep than the artisan. Wonderful that though we retire (oh, so tired!) to rest at night,

“The soft dews of kindly sleep
Our wearied eyelids gently steep,”

and we wake, to find our strength renewed, by morning light. How different our case if sleep refuse to hover around our pillow with her downy pinions. Care and anxiety and perplexing thoughts and sorrow repel her. Few have never known the long, long night, when

from excitement, illness, or other causes, sleep has been woo'd in vain ! The rest, "like infant slumbers, pure and light," how it has been desired !

There are, however, seasons when sorrow works its own relief, and the spirit, spent with grief, sinks to repose in spite of itself. How beautiful is a child asleep. The last good-night has scarce been said, the last kiss exchanged with the loving mother, when the balmy influence fans the little one, and who shall say how fair and unsullied are his dreams, or by what angel-whispers he is blest ? Did you ever watch yourself go to sleep ? The process is sufficiently curious. Thought becomes dimmed, a soothing sensation steals over the frame, the eye-lids involuntarily droop and close, and often beautiful landscapes float before the retina of the eye. Mingled with these are fragmentary thoughts at play, as it were, in the brain, yet you are conscious all the time that you are not quite asleep. Then, perhaps, an unusual noise—the bark of a dog, or the sound of a carriage rolling by, rouses all your senses again, till once more you sink into the same state and know nothing further.

Now, though the bodily frame repose in sleep, the heart is beating, the lungs are breathing. All this is incomprehensible !

However matter-of-fact we may be in our waking moments, in our dreams we are all poets, and the delicious reverie-state we have described is but the vestibule of dream-land !

Do you ask, What are dreams ? distortions ! hallucina-




tions! Who can tell? They have been called the madness of sleep. The sleeper's brain is not at rest. He has been engaging in many thoughts and plans by day, he has seen many faces, been an actor in many scenes; and now reason, or rather judgment, having retired from her seat, memory and fancy are weaving a web from past events, together with thoughts that have previously flitted by (but have not been fully worked out), thus producing a kaleidoscope-like drama, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes beautiful, sometimes the reverse.

On consideration, it is apparent that the mind is not completely separated from the senses in dreams, and that the accidents of the dreamer's situation often have a certain effect on him. Thus, travellers aver that he who sleeps on the Pontine marshes, inhaling the miasma that arises therefrom, is distressed by terrible night-mare; and again, that sleeping at an elevation of five or six thousand feet above the sea, dreams are exquisite enjoyment. But on the Andes and Himalayas, far above the level of Mont Blanc, "the lungs labour with the thin air, and the small blood-vessels are apt to start. Sleep is then distressing beyond description, and haunted by dreadful phantoms. It is scarcely at all refreshing."

Again, you may have experienced the sensation of a sleeper dreaming of being the victim of cuttings or burnings, only to awake in severe pain; or you have probably heard of one oppressed by a dream of suffocation, awaking to find his chamber filled with smoke—

his house on fire ! Thus our slumbers are not totally independent of circumstances. But frequently dreams have a relation to the future (we quote from a gifted pen) : " It is all very well to talk of the folly of a superstitious regard to dreams. The child of God has his Father's counsel in his hand—' In the multitude of dreams there are divers vanities, but fear thou God.' "

" Facts are better than arguments, and we have on record undoubted instances of the verification of dreams by succeeding events." The following narrative is true in all particulars :—A family party, sojourning at a watering-place, had gathered round the breakfast table. A. (we will say) related to her sister B. how she had dreamed that her (B's) house had been broken into during the night. " Impossible," observed B., " that cannot have come true, for all the fastenings were examined before we left home, and the locks of the outer doors being patent cannot be picked ! " Ah," was the rejoinder, " but I thought that the burglars had entered through the attic window by the roof of an adjoining house. The window had been accidentally left open. I distinctly saw the carpets folded in the attic, and watched the depredators proceed from room to room, such and such articles were taken," &c. The day was not far advanced when intelligence was received, verifying the dream in its minutest details. This was not the only occasion on which the lady, to whom we have referred, dreamed that which afterwards came to pass.



In early times we know that God, in His wisdom, oftentimes communicated His will by dreams to His servants. Witness the dream of Cornelius, of Peter, and of Solomon. Other righteous men were *warned* through the same medium, as Joseph, when bidden to flee into Egypt. Shall we dare to say, in the face of evidence, that divine wisdom *never* employs the same means now? Need we be reminded of the significance of John Newton's dream respecting the ring? Such instances may be rare, yet facts are stubborn things.

Surely dreams are sometimes the ministering of spirits, sent forth to "minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation!" "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

In the uninspired book of Ecclesiasticus, however, we read, "Dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that have put their trust in them." *

Let us be warned, then, never to be *idle* observers of dreams. While we must confess that the majority of dreams are folly and vanity, shall we believe that of the twelve hundred millions of dreams (supposed to be the nightly average dreamed on our planet), none have any

* [It is never safe to be guided by dreams. The *written word* is sure, and will never mislead. The dream which sends a man to the word serves a good purpose; but he whose hope hangs on a dream will find that he is leaning on a shadow.—ED.]

significance ? Nay, the chances of men are oftentimes the purposes of God !

Another question arises—it is this : Is there a dreamless sleep ? Or, does the sleeper merely forget his dreams, and then imagine that they never visited him ? We should like, if it were possible, to hear of this problem being satisfactorily solved.

On the hypothesis that such a sleep exists, we quote a remarkable passage on the point.

“ There is an hiatus put between the soul and the world, with which it has to do. It is kept in entire ignorance, for the time being, of all that is passing. It has no dealings with the body. It receives no information respecting surrounding objects, and is not led by any false internal excitement or re-action of the brain. Deep and absorbing then in interest is the question—What is the condition of the immaterial essence during the time the avenues of its communication with external nature are closed by sleep ? If no dream employs it, if no vision reaches it, what are we to suppose is its state ? This is, indeed, a perplexing inquiry. Surely there is a fearfulness in sleep ! The soul, unconscious of its fleshly companion, exists in some strange state of suspension, hid in the hollow of its Creator’s hand, and overshadowed by His covering wings. It is not with the present world of realities—not with the past world of memory—not with the future world of promise ; but, held in life by the Preserver of men, and compassed about with Divine Power, it awaits the body’s fitness to



be used again. Such a state, indeed, is inconceivable. We can only refer the fact to the infinite and wonder-working operation of God."

One word about the mesmeric or artificial sleep. We believe many things which we cannot understand ; and one of these is that certain passes of the hand can bring about an extraordinary condition of the brain, and produce extraordinary results. Mesmer himself was proved to be an impostor, and his tricks a system of jugglery. Many of his followers, too, have had their craft exposed ; and the columns of newspapers not unfrequently bring to light instances of similar imposture. Notwithstanding this, does not the counterfeit oftentimes prove the existence of the real ? That clairvoyance has been produced (if we may so say), " baffling every attempt to detect imposition or collusion with others," is certain. There is no occasion to cite examples. Such are generally known.

Whatever animal magnetism may be, it seems that some individuals possess it in a higher degree than others ; that, furthermore, only some can be made subject to its influence. An invalid lady related to us that she was induced to seek a cure in mesmerism. Her medical attendant brought an amateur mesmerist, who had previously effected wonderful cures, for this end. But efforts to reduce the patient to the mesmeric sleep were vain ; and the reply to her inquiry why it could not be done was, " Madam, you are too well educated." Does mesmerism, then, exercise its potent spell only over

minds of inferior development? From a journal, to whose valuable pages we have been previously indebted, we again quote—"As far as the imperfect knowledge we now possess can be trusted, it (the artificial sleep of mesmerism) appears to be characterised by a disturbance in the equilibrium of physical power. There is an exaggerated susceptibility in some parts of the nervous system, at the expense of others. The former are over-excited, the latter are dull and inert. Thus the body, as the ministering organ of the mind, is used in portions rather than as a whole, and the balance of its forces is destroyed. The senses, telegraphing with the immaterial essence concerning the external world, give extraordinary information respecting certain things, while they give no report of other things which require equally to be weighed with them in the scale of judgment. The result (of this distortion) is a very peculiar species of madness."

To return—we know that when the brain is in a peculiar condition (whether under mesmeric influence or otherwise) the results are extraordinary ; sometimes even conveying to us the impression that we possess latent powers or senses which may be fully developed in a glorified state, when the ransomed sinner is made perfect in body and soul.

A remarkable instance occurs to our memory of second sight (if the term may be used in other than a conventional sense). We have stood beside a blind girl, and have seen her working out an elaborate pattern in

coloured wools on canvas. She selected the colours and *shades* by the medium of touch. We were informed that all the blind have not this gift. The following is also a curious fact. A lady, when suffering from an affection of the brain, could, in her bedroom at the top of her house, hear every word of a *sotto voce* dialogue which was being carried on at the front door.

And we have *read* of an ignorant servant-girl who, during the delirium of fever, repeated passages from theological works in Latin, Greek, and Rabbinical Hebrew, which, being taken down and traced to the books from which they were derived, were found to be repeated with perfect accuracy. She had been servant to a clergyman, a man of much learning and peculiar habits, who was accustomed to walk backwards and forwards in a passage in his house which led to the kitchen, reading aloud his favourite authors.

A refined beauty may sometimes be discovered in the expressions made use of, and the thoughts given utterance to, by those labouring under cerebral affections. The eminent minister, Robert Hall, suffering much from pain in the head during his last illness, exclaimed, "Oh Gabriel, bind not the crown so tightly round my brow—it presses me to agony!"

If we add to these peculiar conditions of the brain the cunning so often observed in madmen, we may account for some of the marvels of mesmerism, while others are doubtless to be attributed to trickery.

The trance state approaches nearer to death than any



other condition. Oliver Goldsmith mentions the case of a labourer in Bath, who slept at one time for a month, again for seventeen weeks, and once more for six months at a time ; and the circumstance is substantiated by names and dates. Of the trance or vision state, an example may be found in the marvellous scenes opened out before the "beloved apostle" during his exile in Patmos ; and there have been instances, even in our own day, of dying Christians seeing heaven opened, and giving sublime descriptions of sights and sounds, imperceptible to those around them. The last hours of Edward Payson, who exclaimed that he "was floating in a sea of glory," will afford an illustration.


The subject that has been thus briefly treated is very extensive, and would well repay far deeper research, the foregoing remarks being little more than suggestive.

How wonderful is the reflection, that night by night every being "in whom is the breath of life," commits himself involuntarily to the care of Him "who neither slumbers nor sleeps."

Let us be more thankful than heretofore for the "common mercies" of sleep and safety ; and ere we close our eyes each night,

" Be our last thought how sweet to rest,
For ever on our Saviour's breast ;"

" For so He giveth His beloved sleep."



INSIDE PARIS.

"One of our celebrated painters, M. Nanteuil, received the visit of a bomb, which destroyed all his best works."—*Extract from a letter from Paris, published January 13. 1871.*



H ! dear to his heart was his artist home,
The home where he lived in his dreams, and
wrought
Their forms on his easel, with loving pride,
Alight with the glow of his flaming thought.

From earliest morn till the evening fell,
How cherish'd the hours in his studio spent !
(Guiding his pencil with skilfulest hand,)
Till fancy and life-like vision were blent.

Thus beautiful dreams around him grew,
The fame of the painter-genius spread ;
His hopes were as bright as the sunny sky,
And laurels of honour enwreath'd his head.



And finer imaginings sprang to life
In tints of the neutral, through gleamings of shade ;
The flutter of light through the birchen trees,
And dashing of foam down the rude cascade.

So Nature gave back to her child beloved
A glorious shadow, a mirror-bright scene ;
And dear to his heart was the artist home,
Where happiest hours with his work had been.

'Twas his home, in the syren city,
In Paris, the Splendid and Fair,
With its boulevards, and flashing fountains,
And gardens of scent-burthen'd air.

'Twas his home, 'mid the turrets' grandeur,
Of palace, and dome, and chateau—
'Mid streets that were gay and brilliant,
And hurry of crowds to and fro.

'Twas his home, by the Seine on-flowing,
Light bubbles o'er-cresting each wave,
To be lost in the depths of ocean,
Like gladness down-sunk in the grave.

And the laurels he sought encrown'd him,
And high was the honour he won ;
And he liv'd in his work, and lov'd it,
And envied the portion of none !

But close around the city, the foe-besiegers press,
And wild woe-wailings utter the citizens' distress ;
And want is bravely suffer'd in silent patriot pride ;
And evil days are dark'ning, and faith is sorely tried ;
And murd'rous fire is glancing across the lurid sky ;
And men are stricken fighting, and little children die ;
And palaces are blazing, so richly grand before,
And homes that once were happy are ruin'd evermore !

A cruel shell has splinter'd, where once the artist
wrought—
His studio bright with fancies is now with ruin fraught !
He lives to see his work undone—his choicest treasures
doomed,
And all the labours of his hands within the fire consumed.

A death ! a death to hoping ! The visions of a life
Are gulph'd in one wild swooping of the awful whirl of
strife !
Oh ! dark and devilish Warfare, bid thy mad ragings
cease !
Come, dwell among the Nations, thou Blessed Boon of
Peace !



PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM.*



SAFE at home—yea, safe for ever !
 Jesus beckon'd them away !
 Earthly bonds must break and sever !
 Call'd by name, they dared not stay !

Though the world be drear without them,
 Should we wish them back once more,
 Or, in patience, wait to meet them—
 Friends, not lost, but gone before !

Now the way-worn Pilgrim resteth,
 And her slumbers calm and deep ;
 Even thus the Lord and Master
 Giveth His Beloved sleep !

All her faithful works do follow,
 And her crown with gems is bright !
 Sainted Spirit ! she is Worthy—
 Walks the golden streets in white !

* In memory of two friends, one of whom fell asleep on the 26th of February, and the other on the 31st of the following month.

And the youthful Christian sleepeth—
Lovely, when on earth, and fair ;
Now in realms of sunshine cloudless,
Far more bright and beauteous there !

Once she heard the voice of Jesus,
Saying “ Come and follow me !”
And her spirit joyful answered,—
“ This is He who died for me.”

Once with foes and fears they wrestl'd,
But the conquest now is won ;
Teach us, left amid the warfare,
Still to say, “ Thy will be done !”

Radiant with the Saviour's glory,
Palms of triumph in the hand,
Wondering at Redemption's story,
They are with the blood-bought band.

Ah ! too selfishly we sorrow,
Vainly seeking 'mong the *dead*,
Where the clay soul-shrine is lying,
Though the soul itself hath fled !

While our eyes with tears are brimming,
Christ draws nigh to touch the bier ;
Though the shades our sight be dimming,
Can the night be longer drear ?

With the *living* they are number'd,
With the risen and ransom'd throng ;
Each melodious voice is joining
In the mighty victory song !

Could these eyes behold the glory,
Not a tear-drop would we shed ;
Rather grateful thanks we'd render
For the loved we mourn as dead.

Then until the morning breaking,
Chase afar the gloom of night—
Till the lengthen'd shadows fading,
Sink into eternal light—

We will trust the love that chasteneth,
For He doeth all things well ;
Now we see in sorrow darkly,
He shall ev'ry cloud dispel !

Oh ! the joy, the bliss of meeting
'Mid the mansions of the King ;
Sin unknown and pain forgotten,
We shall join His praise to sing !

Saviour, till that day be near us,
Unto death be Thou our guide ;
Till in peace we reach Thy home-halls,
With Thy children, Lord, abide !



THE SPIRIT IS LIFE.

“The Spirit is life, because of righteousness.”—ROM. viii. 10.



SOLDIER on the battle-plain,
Wounded, weary, almost slain,
Lift thine eyes, and strike more sure,
They shall conquer who endure !

In thy weakness thou may'st fall ;
On thy Saviour-Captain call !
Falling, thou shalt yet arise ;
Press to gain the promis'd prize !

Speaks to thee the heavenly voice,—
“ Yet the foe shall not rejoice
Over thee, for I, thy shield,
I am with thee in the field !”

Armour-clad in proven gear,
Struggle on, nor yield to fear ;
Grasp thy sword, the fight begun
Yet shall end in victory won !

Grasp it when the hour is bright,
Nerv'd with all thy Leader's might !
When in mists thou canst not see,
Grasp it—He is near to thee !

Trust no vain inherent power !
Ask for wisdom—strength—each hour !
No success of days gone by
Aids thee, while these arrows fly !

Upward look, and forward go,
Thus to trample on the foe !
Christ's with thee, and thou shalt win
Glory through the battle-din !

Only fight, nor weary grow,
Lest ye glad the subtle foe !
On thy side is strength and might !
Jesus is thy Shield and Light !



THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A CLOSING SCENE. (ABOUT A.D. 1650.)



T was the holy Sabbath, and all was peace and
rest,

The sun in softened radiance was sinking in the
west ;

And still a glory linger'd and bathed the evening skies,
Till they seem'd the pearly gates and the walls of
Paradise ;

And the glory cast its shadows upon the ocean wave
Till the snowy surges gleamed in the rainbow tints it
gave ;

And the earth was veil'd in beauty—a dream too fair to
last—

Like a hope unrealis'd, or a mem'ry of the past ;
And the summer breezes murmur'd among the young
leaves there,


Like angel-whispers wafted upon the evening air.

They sought to bind her captive—that child of royal birth ;
She heeded not the beauty of the fairest hour on earth ;
In vain she sighed for freedom, for her soul was full of
grief,

And day by day succeeding brought with it no relief.


But she meekly bore her cross, and look'd to Him who
died,
For grace and strength to bear it, though often sorely
tried ;
And she loved the Living Word, and liv'd by faith and
prayer,
And laid her sins on Jesus, and left her burden there.
She was fading like the cloudlets—ripening for the skies,
And the visions of the earthly had vanish'd from her eyes.
The splendid summer sunset no longer charm'd her now,
And the fresh sea-wafted breezes could not cool her
fever'd brow.
While she read the words of comfort, and bow'd the
head in prayer,
The angel with his summons was close beside her there ;
And she linger'd o'er the verses—"Come, I will give
you rest,
Ye weary, heavy-laden, ye shall be surely blest."
And as her finger pointed to the words of truth she read,
The angel gently touch'd her, and her spirit homeward
fled.*

* The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., was detained a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, and while there fell a victim to consumption. She was found dead, with the open Bible before her, her finger resting on the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matthew xi. 28). Her Majesty Queen Victoria, during one of her visits to the Isle of Wight, caused a marble monument, recording this fact, to be erected to the memory of this young Princess.



THE LAND OF PROMISE.

“Thou dwellest in the gardens ; thy companions hearken to thy voice : cause me to hear it.”—CANT. viii. 13.

HOU dwellest in the gardens, where the choicest
flowers abound,
Where apples and pomegranates and the tender
grapes are found,
And where the stately palm-tree and myrrh and aloes
grow,
And the streams of living waters from dewy Hermon flow.

Thou dwellest 'mid the spices by the sparkling fountain's
spray,
Thy shade is 'neath the fig-tree thro' the long bright
summer day ;
O'erhead the birds are warbling a glad and joyous strain,
And the sunlight resteth ever on mountain and on plain.

Thou know'st the fruits and blossoms in all the pleasant
land,
And the rich and golden clusters wherewith to fill thine
hand,


The honey-comb that, tasted, revives the fainting hearts,
And the draught of living waters that healing strength
imparts.

Thou dwellest in the gardens, and dost therein rejoice,
Oh tell us of their beauties, for we would hear thy voice !
And we desire to enter, for the glimpse we catch is fair,
And the clime of cloudless sunshine and deathless bloom
is there.

Oh children, would ye enter for the beauty that is there ?
For the rivers and the hills and the valleys that are fair ?
For the murmurs of the fountains, and the fragrance of
the flowers,
And the honey and the spices' and the balm-breathing
bowers ?

Lo ! the chiefest of the joys in the Beulah that we love
Are the presence of our Saviour and his Spirit from above,
The converse and the banquet, and the comfort of His
grace,
And the words of our Beloved, and His footsteps that
we trace.

And ever with our Master we follow where He leads,
'Mid the lilies and the roses, fresh springing in the meads,
We listen, when He calls, to the mandates of His voice,
He knows us for His chosen, and we worship and rejoice.



Your courage shall be stronger, ye shall conquer every
 foe,
And the Master shall be with you, He shall strengthen
 as ye go ;
The faithless and the fearful ! how fitful is their light,
But the children of the promise shall triumph over night.



A FAIR FLOWERET.



HERE is a flower—a little thing—
 Of tender growth, and true ;
 Around the home-stead doth it cling,
 All green and ever new.

Around the heart-strings doth it twine
 (How beauteous, yet how rare !)
 Of home it is the dearest sign,
 And treasure-fruit doth bear !

It is a fair, a fragrant flower,
 (Nor cull'd in dell or "dene") ;
 A blossom of mysterious power
 And rather felt than seen.

Of spirit-growth—not seen abroad,
 Where cold keen eyes may gaze ;
 Nor reckon'd in the great world's hoard,
 Nor wreath'd in laurel bays.



Where thoughts meet thoughts, and feelings blend—
Where pulses thrill together ;
In unison 'twixt friend and friend,
In calm or stormy weather,

It blooms, by mutual glances known,
By kindly interchange ;
But blooms in true-born hearts alone,
To pride and envy strange.

Where this fair tendril bloometh not,
'Neath thatch or fretted dome,
It is a dark and dismal spot,—
Four walls, and yet no home.

On earth scarce more than folded flower—
How bright in heaven above!—
Yet rich in grace, and strong in power,
Blooms this fair floweret, LOVE !

GETHSEMANE.

MATT. XXVI. 36.



HE Evening Meal was over—the feast of Living
 Bread ;
 The wine of symbol taken, the words of blessing
 said ;
 The farewell hymn was chanted ; why should they linger
 yet ?
 But fear, and hope, and sorrow, their anxious hearts
 beset.

“ Arise and leave the mountain—the Olivet of prayer,
 The witness of my wrestlings, and cries, and out-poured
 care.”

And yet the Saviour tarried, in holy love to plead,
 For each of these—his brethren, the little chosen seed.

“ Father, the hour is coming, when these alone are left,
 Leave not the children orphans, and of thy love bereft,
 Not of the world their customs—behold them follow me,
 And when I go, their guardian to guide them ever be.

O send thou down to teach them the Spirit from above,
And lead them on to Comfort, and Peace, and perfect
Love !

Father, thine offspring, see them ! I loved them here
below,
I love them still, oh keep them, and watch them when
I go !”

There is darkness in the Garden, there is blackness in
the air,
And the Saviour in his anguish is wrestling in his prayer,
For agony was never, nor suffering, nor distress,
Like travail of his soul—alone in bitterness.

The chosen three are sleeping, for sorrow and for care,
All heedless of his groanings and watchings unto prayer ;
See prostrate in the Garden (oh, mystery is here !)
The Sinless One accursed—amazed for very fear !

“ O take the cup, my Father, if such thy holy will,
If these may yet be ransom’d—nor bid me drink it still.”

And therewith came an angel in love and light from
heaven :
The dregs of wrath He drained them, for might and
strength were given ;
For strengthened by the angel, in this his deepest need,
He bore the awful burden to save the faithful seed.

Oh sinner, stop and wonder, "'twas borne for thee and
me,"

Say can'st thou love the evil that cost such agony?
For we, undone and ruined, yon heaven could never see,
But thro' the matchless suff'ring of sad Gethsemane!
Say wilt thou, madly rushing, to death and darkness go?
Say can'st thou face the terrors of all this weight of woe?
The Saviour's cross before thee, lies all along the way,
The wrestlings in the garden would fain thy folly stay.
Oh why, with such a Saviour, why sinner wilt thou die?
Oh, haste thee to the Refuge! Ho, weary sinner, fly!

And ye that mark his footsteps, that love to hear his
voice,
That know this great forgiveness—look upward and
rejoice!
And yield afresh your off'ring, your love, your life, your
all,
Nor grudge to give them freely, for ye have heard his
call.

Oh think of what he offer'd—his very life-blood shed!
No more your own, but blood-bought, ye live, for he
was dead!
Then see ye grow more like him, your banner be his
love,
Till home he calls his servants, to feast with him above.

WINGS.



INGS to bear me upward
 Away from this world of care,
 From its mists of strife and sin
 To the home where all is fair.

Wings to bear me away
 To the cross where Jesus died ;
 'Tis the only refuge where
 My guilty soul may hide.

Wings to bear me upward
 To the home prepar'd above,
 For children of the kingdom,
 By everlasting love.


Then, when the flight is over,
 And the glory all complete,
 I shall cast my crown before Him,
 And worship at His feet.

Wings of love in heaven
For the service of my King :
Wings through space to bear me,
While hallelujahs ring.

Wings to veil the glory,
When I join the hymns of praise,
In the new Jerusalem,
Which the ransom'd people raise.



A SABBATH PRAYER.

OTH thy temple gate to leave
 Till a blessing we receive,
 Lord, thy needy servants seek
 Living manna for the week :
 It was good to worship here !
 For we felt the Saviour near ;
 When we join'd the solemn prayer—
 Sought thy face—the Lord was there.

And we fear to let thee go,
 Fear the entrance of the foe,
 Fear to meet the busy tide,
 Lest thy word be cast aside,
 Lest thy presence, Lord, depart
 From the wand'ring wayward heart ;
 From thy courts we would not go,
 For no other strength we know.

Ever, Lord, with us abide,
 Unto death be thou our Guide ;
 We have brought our sins to thee,
 For thy grace is full and free ;


A SABBATH PRAYER.

Where iniquities are found
Saving grace doth more abound ;
And thou wilt not send away
Those who seek the living way.

Thou who did'st for sin atone,
Make thy righteousness our own ;
Jesus, every time we stray,
Wash the guilty act away ;
Till the Holy Spirit teach,
Never prayer thine ear can reach ;
Teach, O teach us how to pray,
Now, in this thy mercy's day.

When we cry, incline thine ear,
Mark the penitential tear ;
If to strive in prayer be given,
Write the wrestler's name in heaven.
By the power that must prevail
We the throne of grace assail ;
Poor and needy, Lord, are we,
Jesus is our only plea.

Till the shadows fade away,
Till the breaking of the day,
Till we each behold thy face,
Shed the sunshine of thy grace.



A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

IMPROMPTU.



PROTESTANT ! the grand old word
 Has fallen to disuse,
 And now, where'er the term is heard,
 It meets with round abuse.

They say the spirit of the age
 Is far too broad and fair,
 Too full of charity, too sage,
 Such narrowness to bear.

They say "the sister Church of Rome"
 Is not so far astray,
 That brethren 'gainst her ranks at home
 Should marshal in array !

If these were farmers ev'ry one,
 With numerous lambs and sheep,
 And night by night a fox should come
 While all were sound asleep ;



Perchance these farmers might display
Their charity and sense,
By sending all the traps away,
And breaking down each fence.

Ay ! by the Smithfield fires that blaz'd
Three hundred years ago,
A voice of warning shall be rais'd
Against our subtle foe !

If Rome be not, as then, the same,
It only wants the power ;
Sempre to stesso is its name,
And thus it works each hour.


She is the spreading Upas tree,
With poison in its breath,
And woe to them that loiterers be
Her leafy shade beneath !


Old England boasts of liberty !
Her Bible is too dear
To close in days of danger,
When men have cause to fear !

As Protestants, we take our stand
The grand old standard by,
And spread our colours o'er the land,
And " Down with Popery " cry.

THE CROSS-BEARERS.

A SIMILITUDE.


N the visions of the night I dreamt ; and methought I saw multitudes of people traversing a great highway that led over steeps, and through valleys—by flood and by field. I perceived that each traveller bore a cross. Now these crosses were of varied forms and sizes. Some of them were begemmed and garlanded with beautiful flowers ; and some were unadorned and massive. Among the cross-bearers, too, there was infinite variety—men from all lands, of all ages, from all ranks of society. As aforesaid, they all bore crosses ; but with a difference. The larger number, clothed in every fashion of apparel, was hurrying in one direction ; the minority, simply robed in white, turned their footsteps in an opposite way. Of the former, some were gorgeously dressed, some meanly clad, and some covered with miserable rags. As by one common impulse they pressed on ; but I learned that the road they were taking inclined unto the gates of death. Some pursued after a beautiful phantom,



whether pleasure, or vanity, or death ; others were allured onwards by a fair mirage ; while more still rushed forwards as if infatuated or engulfed in the vortex of a whirlpool ; but all were the deluded victims of a false hope—each was snatching after a shadow.

Methought that the hand of each grasped the inevitable cross, whereon, some looking, cursed ; and others, seeking to cast it from them, dragged it on the ground after them, making its burden more felt thereby. So on they went, till one after another was lost from view in a dark cloud-land.

Meanwhile the white-robed crowds moved on. At the beginning of the way I heard many of them murmur because of the weight of the cross, and here and there one sought to exchange his own for that of a fellow-pilgrim ; but this was only by way of experiment, for I perceived that he who had envied a flowery cross or a jewelled one, soon found it heavier, or less adapted for himself than his own, and he who preferred one that was unadorned soon sought the restoration of his original cross, so each was given back to its particular owner, and a lesson of contentment was learnt by the experience. Also, I observed that the manner of these white-robed wayfarers was diverse from that of the other multitude, in this respect, that while the latter grieved to find the cross ever beneath the jewels and wreaths of flowers (which were the boast of each to display to the disadvantage or envy of his neighbour), the former, especially those who had progressed furthest on the way to Zion,



smiled on the cross itself, and thanked the Lord of the Way for the flowers that enwreathed its shafts.

But to each man in each multitude was the cross given ; he had no option of acceptance or refusal ; his free-will was exercised only in his manner of bearing his own cross, and the direction in which he turned his steps.

Now I saw that as the pilgrims in white advanced, the Shadow of a Great Cross fell over them, and they revered that Shadow, counting its presence a privilege even in weariness and sickness. It was the symbol of a purchased salvation, and their shelter from the storm. Beneath it, their energies were redoubled, and there they raised their eyes heavenward, and fixed them on things above with a stronger faith and affection ; there, too, they learned to love their own lesser crosses the more, because of their association with that Great Cross, round which centered all their hopes. Nay more, methought that oftentimes, at such seasons, the cross borne by the pilgrim in white served him as a wing whereby he soared aloft, nearer to "the land that is very far off," and his countenance glowed with a chastened and reflected light that was not of earth, and was nowhere made visible but under the Shadow of that Great Cross.

Then, as I dreamed, I understood for the first time the riddle I had somewhere heard propounded—

"Thou did'st taste the cross
And find it bitter ; next time ponder well,
Perhaps 'twas not the kernel, but the shell."


F



And, doubtless, the way of the cross was sometimes bitter because of adverse winds to be encountered, wintry storms to be faced, tangled forests to be traversed, and scoffs of a scorning world to be braved ; but these wayfarers heeded such things wonderfully little, for they had each a secret stay deep down in the heart, and a staff of promise in the right hand, and each kept an out-look on things beyond. Yet though their aims were higher and purer than those of others, at times I marked one and another stumble in the path, so that the white raiment was stained with the dust and sullied with the mire : as they arose and looked upwards, however, I perceived that they were permitted to wash continually in the ever-flowing fountain that gushed forth from the foot of the Great Cross, and, bathed in that flood, they were instantly made clean, and healed of their wounds, and their garments anew became white and shining.

Also, it sometimes chanced to the faithful pilgrim that he drooped limb-weary and way-worn—"discouraged because of the way." For such an one rest and refreshment was provided by the King in the banqueting-house ; and the banner over such was Love. Here, through the medium of his little cross, so long and patiently carried, words of cheer and strong support were wafted on the air, and whispered in his ear straight from the Great Cross so dear to him.

And so he journeyed on calmly and trustfully, casting his care on the Great Burden-Bearer, who had first appointed to him his portion. And then I knew that




no true-hearted pilgrim ever bore his cross in his own strength, since, through a mysterious union with a Great Unseen Friend, even the King Himself, the weightiest end of it was carried by an invisible power—that of Him whose voice they followed.

Thus they knew not the world, and the world knew them not, as they traversed the path of self-crucifixion.

Their motto was not that of the world—"Each one for himself;" rather, seeking not their own, they would frequently turn aside to help a weakly brother, or to entreat a member of the infatuated multitude, pressing on to destruction, to turn right round and follow where they trod, saying, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." So it came to pass that not a few turned, and had cause to bless the Lord of the Way that He had put it into some pilgrim-heart to seek their rescue. And I marked how the newly-turned wayfarer sought to linger near him who first beckoned him upward and heavenward, and still sought his guidance; or if that might not be, how he tarried by the side of one like-minded to seek a helping hand when fear and danger were nigh. Still for each and all the strength and safety was from an unseen hand, and this they all felt and owned, or suffered temporarily for trusting any lower object; but never did true-hearted pilgrim die on the road without reaching home.

I watched till the foremost distanced my ken. A film of glory veiled them from my sight at the spot where I knew the gates of One Pearl to be; and high



in air there shone forth a scroll, with letters of gold written thereon, and these were the words inscribed—
“Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him my new name ;” also, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

Then the vision vanished, and I awoke with this verse very present to me :

“Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee !
E’en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.”

Time is speeding on, and the pilgrims are every moment gathering Homewards ; as they enter into Life, and cast the treasured cross that was their lot at the feet of their Heavenly King, they are one by one receiving the crown of immortality. Of these crowns, some are bright with gems, and the brightest are for the brow of those who have been enabled to win most souls to a personal knowledge of the Saviour ; for it is written, “They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

Even now hallelujahs are echoing to the Redeemer’s praise through the eternal arches of heaven ; and each saved sinner, marked with the sign of the Victory Won, bows before the Throne, saying, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the glory.”

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing !”

In the light of such a vision, or rather under the very shadow of such realities, who would not be a cross-bearer for Christ’s sake ?



A WINTER'S NIGHT ON THE ST LAWRENCE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE "QUEBEC MORNING CHRONICLE.")



LEAR shines the cold moon on the snow-covered
 earth,
 And night cannot rest for the voices of mirth
 That play with the echoes in hollow and hill,
 Now rising, now dying away at their will ;
 While out from the depths of the wondrous blue sky
 The stars in their glory are twinkling on high.

One broad sheet all frozen the waters display,
 And mingling upon it the glad and the gay—
 The children of fashion—the young and the fair,
 For the ladies (aye loving the moonshine) are there,
 Not sylphs of a light and an elegant form,
 But rob'd for the winter, and clad for the storm.

Some adroitly are skimming the surface of glass,
 Each striving the skill of a friend to surpass,
 But never an idler, with nothing to do,
 Is standing, all lonely, the pastime to view.

Oh, fitfully flickers the torches' red glow !
Fantastic the figures men cut in the snow,
As shuffling in shoes that a giant might don—
They mix with the crowd, flit past, and are gone !


And charm'd are the notes that the sleigh-bells send
forth,
Like chimes from the fairy-land far to the north ;
While the voyagers, up to their faces in fur,
Are quizzing the skaters when downfalls occur.

And onward they rush—with the speed of the deer,
Despising the roads of the great engineer ;
And even the steeds, as they snuff the keen air,
Seem conscious that light is the burden they bear.

The sails of the ice-boat are filled with the breeze,
And the world is too lively and busy to freeze !
Pray, pity the English, who never may know
The sports that come in with the ice and the snow !
Hurrah ! for our winters away in the West—
The clearest, the coldest, the gladdest, the best !



SIR WALTER SCOTT.


 IS presence hath gone from us,
 But his spell may none forget ;
 In lore, and lay, and legend,
 Doth his voice not linger yet ?

The free-born mountain breezes,
 With a wayward passion-power,
 Once woo'd his trembling harp-strings
 With their music hour by hour !

By glen and cairn he clamber'd
 Through his bonny native land ;
 By bleak-blown moor and heather—
 By wave-beat shingle strand.

The lightsome aspen shimmer,
 And the stately nodding pine ;
 The loch of fair blue water,
 And the moon with gleam and shine.

The golden eagle swooping,
And the stag in graceful bound ;
The laverock fresh from heaven's gate—
Each secret charm he found.

He stole the wild young gladness
From each bright living thing,
And caught the untam'd echoes
Upon his quivering string.

The castle and its story,
With weird or fay-like spell,
And the ruin grim and hoary,
He knew them all—how well !

He heard the martial pibroch,
And the claymores fiercely clash ;
And he saw the reiver's foray,
And the steed to battle dash.

The Douglas, Stuart, and Campbell—
He felt their border fire,
And it flashed in song unbidden
Along the minstrel lyre !



A SONG FOR THE SORROWFUL.



F every woe we taste
 Our Saviour deeply drank ;
 We follow where He leads,
 And weeping, strive to thank.

Even now that Friend is near,
 His Shepherd staff doth guide ;
 He ne'er forgets His own,
 Though grief His presence hide.

A little while, and then
 Himself the tears shall dry ;
 'Tis through the sorrow-cloud
 He leads us to the sky.



BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

[The late Rev. Lewis Ferguson, minister of Free St Andrews, Edinburgh, preached as usual on Sabbath, March 3. 1872, and, after a brief illness, was called home on Saturday, March 8th.]



ALLED from the midst of his labours ;
 Called in the prime of his days ;
 Called from the sojourn and service ;
 Called to the temple of praise !
 Called to be ready to welcome,
 At gates that are standing ajar,
 Souls that have learned from his teaching
 Those truths that all life-giving are.

Called to the home and the harvest,
 Where sower and reaper shall meet,
 To lay down each talent and burden
 With joy at the loved Master's feet.
 Called on to see the fruition
 Of promise, and glory, and grace !
 Called to glad share in the triumph
 'Mid sheen of the shadowless place.

So lately he spake forth his message
Of peace for the lost and undone ;
But the last earnest word is delivered—
The fight and the victory are won !
No more shall the hearts of his hearers
Be stirr'd as he beckons them on,
And points to the cross of the Saviour—
The voice and the preacher are gone !

So soon, 'mid the millions unnumber'd,
Redeem'd, and made radiant and white ;
He is casting his crown at the footstool,
With all the glad children of light.
So soon the new wine hath been tasted,
Pour'd out at the banquet above !
How oft for the draught he hath thirsted—
Thirst quenched in yon ocean of love !

One Sabbath to toil 'neath the shadows,
To labour, yet long for the rest ;
And the next to be basking serenely
In sunshine at home with the blest !
One day to be praying and striving,
And wrestling on earth's misty plain ;
Another, to join in the anthem,
Adoring the Lamb that was slain !

"WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—MATT. xx. 6.



N the sunny south is a vineyard fair,
 But the Master needeth more labourers there,
 So he asketh the idlers, "Who will go
 And tend my vines, that they thrive and grow?"
 Of the loungers in the market-square
 There are few who heed him, few who care;
 They deem that the hours are theirs to waste,
 And the sweets of toil they will not taste;
 They dream their life away in a trance,
 Watching the motes in the sun-beams dance;
 Yet there's a glorious work to do,
 And a great reward, if they only knew.

"Ye are standing idle, Who will go
 And tend my vines, that they thrive and grow?"
 Some heard him in scorn, or scarcely heard;
 And some went forth at the Master's word;
 And some arose at the earliest hour,
 Who are toiling in spite of sun and shower;

EPHATHA—ΕΦΘΑΘΑ.



HAT come the multitudes to see
 On the lone shores of Galilee ?
 Why throng Judæa's children forth,
 From east, from west, from south, from north ?
 The sick—the poor—with eagerness
 Around one holy Form they press,
 From town and village far away !
 “Τίς ἀπὸ οὐτοῦ ἐστίν,” say ?

Luke viii. 25, “What manner of man is this?”

Why bring the deaf, the speechless, near,
 For who can make the deaf to hear ?
 Why trouble they the Master so ?
 Yet, strong in faith, they will not go !
 The great Physician healeth such ;
 The tongue and ear behold him touch,
 And “Ephphatha” He saith with sigh,
 “Be opened” “διανοιχθῆτι !”

Mark vii. 34, “Be opened !”

The ears that never sound have heard,
 The tongue that ne'er hath spoken word,
 His mighty power hath made them whole,
 And more than this, He heals the soul ;
 The loosen'd tongue breaks forth to praise
 The great Redeemer's wondrous ways ;
 His works of mercy all shall see ;

Καλως παντα πεποιηκε !

Mark vii. 37, "He hath done all things well."

When Jesus speaks—"Thou shalt not fear
 Thy sins forgiven"—What heavenly cheer !
 Will e'er these faithless hearts forget,
 Such music lingering round us yet ?
 Our ears are dull to hear that voice,
 Yet we would hear it and rejoice !
 Oh, speak to us Thine "*Εφραθα*,"
 "Be opened"—"*διανοιχθητι*."


Mark vii. 34.

Our prayer we'd raise, but we are dumb,
 Lord, let thy glorious kingdom come !
 Thy mercy-touch we fain would crave,
 Since that alone can heal—can save !
 He maketh both the deaf to hear
 And dumb to speak—we praise with fear !
 His perfect work our song shall be !
 "*Καλως παντα πεποιηκε !*"

Mark vii. 37.

G

RABBI ABRAHAM—THE JEWISH CORNELIUS.

“ BAPTISED myself.” Such was the avowal of Rabbi Abraham Schwartzberg, in answer to an inquiry of the Jewish missionary at Warsaw.

Like Cornelius the centurion, this man was “devout, one that feared God, and prayed to God alway.” (Acts x. 2.) Unlike the centurion of the Italian band, he was of the stock of Israel. Both were men highly respected, both consistent in their day and generation, yet each lived long ere he knew for himself the saving power of Jesus of Nazareth.


Rabbi Abraham was held in much esteem by his Jewish brethren for his intimate acquaintance with Rabbinical lore. Studies of this nature had been for him at once a source of pleasure, an earnest life-work, and a means of livelihood. It was not till the age of sixty-five that Rabbi Abraham first fell in with a Hebrew Testament (as it were by accident); his attention was arrested by the book, he pored over its pages, and found in them a fascination which no other reading had ever possessed for him. He read of the life, the work, the

sufferings, and the death of the Lord Jesus. He compared these good tidings, so new to him, with the darker prophecies of the Old Testament—words so long familiar to him. An influence, of which he then knew not, “shined in his heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” (2 Cor. iv. 6.) And that Light was “the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost,” whose promised mission is “to teach all things.” (John xiv. 26.)

As Rabbi Abraham read, he wondered, and as he wondered, he read more. “If these things be true,” he exclaimed, “then this same Jesus of Nazareth is none other than the Messiah.” He saw and believed. “The word of salvation,” he said, “is sent to sinners, and if to sinners, to such as I am. Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!”


A conviction of the power and value of the truth, and a general assent to the doctrines of Holy Scripture, is one thing; a heart-hold of these same doctrines of salvation is another. Rabbi Abraham experienced both. As he read of the Saviour, suffering, crucified, and raised from the dead, his heart went with the Scripture, “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” (Acts iv. 12.)

Rabbi Abraham had no human teacher, no other instructor than the Living Word, but that was all-sufficient. He “conferred not with flesh and blood,” but he heard the spoken precept, “Henceforth live;”



and he took the pilgrim-staff and journeyed on, forgetting things behind—even the old good works, now, for the first time, weighed and found wanting; and “reaching forth unto those things which are before,” he made his aim “to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” (Phil. iii. 13, 14.) In this happy state of progress he asked himself, “Can any man forbid water that I should be baptised?” There was none near to baptise him—none even to encourage him in the new way wherein he walked; but Rabbi Abraham, not ashamed of his faith, solemnly baptised himself, “in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Meeting subsequently with some who spake to him after the manner of this book, he shewed them the Hebrew Testament, and asked them, “Do you believe this?” On their assenting, he heartily greeted them, exclaiming, “Then, we are brethren!” “Who baptised you?” asked one of the missionaries. “I baptised myself,” was the somewhat unusual reply of this sincere follower of Jesus. In their intercourse with him, they took knowledge of him that he had been taught of God, and at their persuasion, he was re-baptised with the ordinary forms.

Rabbi Abraham was bitterly persecuted by his unconverted brethren, among whom he dwelt. His means of subsistence were at an end, since he would no longer teach from the Talmud. His friends offered him help from time to time, but he would not receive it, lest he should be charged with taking bribes for becoming a




Christian. In an honourable spirit of independence, he began to sell apples in the streets of Warsaw, and wherever he took his basket of apples, thither also he carried one of tracts for gratuitous distribution amongst the Jews. He was well known and highly respected. In consequence of this, a Russian Government official procured for him the privilege of standing to sell his apples in an archway of the government-house, where no vendors but himself were admitted. This irritated the Jews, who accused him before the magistrates of being a mocker of all religions, saying, "You see this man is not a Christian, for he wears the garb of a Jew (the flowing robes and dangling locks peculiar to the Jews in Poland). *We know* he is not a Jew, since he neither attends the synagogue, nor believes in the Talmud." "What, and who do you profess to be?" inquired the magistrate of him. "I was a Jew, but now I am a Christian," was the rejoinder, as, drawing from his pocket his Hebrew Testament, he added, "I do not find in this book any command to doff my flowing robe, so I still wear it; I only find inculcated in these pages the necessity of a change of heart." The magistrate was struck by his reply. Rabbi Abraham was at once released, and continued to sell apples as before. On another occasion, he was offering tracts to some Jews; their wrath was kindled against him, and a party of them began forthwith to curse him, to beat him, and even to spit upon him. Treading in the steps of his Divine Master, he answered them not a word, but meekly bore all, only saying,

“When my Lord Jesus suffered and died to save me, He endured far more than this for me.”

The police agents seeing this Christian Jew so grossly maltreated, interfered on his behalf, fell on his persecutors, and began to beat them. Rabbi Abraham kneeling down, immediately begged his protectors to forbear, as he forgave the angry Jews for their unwarrantable attack on him. Such was the constraining power of the love of Christ on his dealings with his fellow-men. In his daily life, the name of Jesus was music to his soul. As magnetised iron attracts other iron to itself, so he (who had been drawn by Divine mercy as a penitent and humbled sinner to the foot of the Saviour's cross, and had found beneath its shadow all blessing and joy) sought to attract others to the great spiritual magnet, saying to each fellow-sinner, “Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.”

The missionaries were not a little surprised to find that Rabbi Abraham was still in the habit of using the Jewish prayers, and of singing the hymns usually sung in the synagogues on the Sabbath, and taxed him with the inconsistency. He replied that many of these forms were dear to him from association, that some of them were very beautiful, and that he always altered them, inserting the name of Jesus; thus addressing them to the Saviour, he transposed them into forms of Christian worship.

For twenty years did Rabbi Abraham walk circumspectly through paths of trial and temptation, ever



looking up for the promised strength. Thus did he witness a good confession for Christ. Thus did his light shine to the glory of God ; and when at length he was called on to cross the Jordan, he entered into rest in the land of promise beyond the floods, even the home-halls above, there to be for ever with the Lord.



NO SURRENDER.



O surrender ! ye are purchas'd,
 Christians, ye are not your own ;
 Since the day that Jesus bought you,
 Ye are His—and His alone !

Jesus is your sure foundation,
 All the hope on which you rest ;
 Wood and stubble mar the fabric,
 But your faith shall stand the test.

Be the furnace seven times heated,
 Purer shall the gold remain ;
 Looking upwards never waver,
 Ye shall know 'tis not in vain !

When the temple shall be builded,
 Every living stone brought in—
 All the Master's jewels counted,
 Purged from dross, and straw, and sin,

Then shall rise the hallelujah,
From before the rainbow throne ;
Every tongue shall swell the chorus,—
Hail to Christ the corner stone.


Christian ! then ye shall confess it,
Not for nought ye suffer'd here ;
Ye are hewn, and cut, and polished,
That ye perfect might appear.

Could ye catch one distant glimmering
Of the glory that shall be,
Not a murmuring thought could linger,
Trust and fear not—ye shall see !



THE WELL-BELOVED.

SONG OF SOLOMON II. 16, 17.


 E my beloved is,
 I know that I am His ;
 All other thought of joy,
 Save this, hath much alloy.

He truly can impart
 Peace to the stricken heart ;
 In place of sin and strife,
 He breathes the breath of life.

Say, have ye felt the fire
 His breathings can inspire,
 And caught upon your face
 The shadow of His grace ?

And can ye say and feel,
 His stripes my wounds do heal ;
 He died, and died for me,
 I from the curse am free ?



His blood has cleans'd from sin,—
His love has let me in ;
His spirit guides my feet,
And all His ways are sweet.


Not my poor flickering love
Extends to Him above ;
My efforts were in vain,
Had not the Lamb been slain.

Yes, Jesus loves my soul,
He makes the sin-sick whole ;
He giveth light and peace
And biddeth tumults cease.

His cross to me is rest,
I grasp it and am blest ;
He shall my soul sustain,
My faith is not in vain.

Behold His garden fair,
For He has placed me there !
Where once was 'wild'ring gloom,
Go, mark the lilies bloom.

He feeds among the flowers
Through the long summer hours ;
The brightness of His smiles
Our earthly life beguiles.



He shall transplant in time,
To a more genial clime,
The flowers He tends below
In this cold world of woe.

Until the long'd-for day
Shall chase the shades away,
Be round about me, Lord,
According to Thy Word.



“CONSIDER THE LILIES.”

MATT. VI. 28-30.



CONSIDER what the lilies teach,
Those lovely flowers and fair ;
For they have wisdom, voice, and speech
For sons of grief and care !

They toil not in the sweat of brain,
Nor spin with busy hand,
A golden horde, like men to gain,—
A grovelling selfish band !

And yet their beauty far excels
The glitt'ring wealth of courts,
And rings from out their drooping bells
A peal of holy thoughts !

So perfect, yet no dream of pride
E'er mars their petals white ;
So lowly, that they fain would hide
Each fragile cup from sight.

A thousand flowers more gay have birth
Than lilies of the field,
Yet deem not nought the wild flowers' worth
And odours that they yield.

Though steals upon the summer air
A perfume rich and sweet,
Yet still we pass the lilies fair,
And press them 'neath our feet.

And yet the Saviour stoop'd to draw
A lesson from the flowers,
That human wisdom never saw,
With all its boasted powers.

Oh ! children laden with your fears
For morrow's boding ill ;
The flow'rets shed no bitter tears
That bloom o'er holt and hill.

Your heavenly Father marks them grow,
And sunshine sends and showers ;
Then, children, wherefore doubt him so,
Who loves the little flowers ?

Ah ! faithless ones, he cares for you,
In Christ supplies your need ;
And you shall find His promise true
In every word and deed !

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

III

Say are ye ransom'd, wash'd, forgiv'n
For His name's sake, who died,
And now prepares a throne in heaven—
Is He your Saviour, Guide ?

Then like the lilies ye are fair,
In beauty not your own ;
His flowers ye are, His name ye bear,
He keeps you—He alone !

And ye are precious in His sight,
His love—His life shall bless ;
Ye live beneath His beams and light,—
Your Sun of Righteousness !



JOHN BRITT THE DUMB BOY.*

CHAPTER I.

"The day of small things."—ZECH. IV. 10.



ANY years ago, a Christian lady (best known as "Charlotte Elizabeth") adopted a deaf and dumb boy, one of the six children of a very poor Irish peasant. He was then about eleven years old, and had learnt nothing. It was so difficult to teach him everything from the beginning, that his kind friend would have given it up, had she not been struck with his fine forehead, and considered it a sign that he had mind-power within, never yet called into play. So she patiently taught him, and, little by little, found she had rightly guessed the case. Till John was brought to her home, he had never seen a carpeted room. Thinking that the looking-glass was a window, he climbed up to look through it, and seeing his own face in it, fell back in terror. You would have thought John's lessons strange, for they were not at all like yours. This was

* "John Britt," and the two sketches which follow, were written for the young, and formed part of a series of papers which originally appeared in *The Olive Branch*.

one of them : Charlotte Elizabeth wished to teach him the names of things, that he might spell them on his fingers, since he could not speak. She took a box of letters, and picked out H, A, T ; then she shewed John a hat, and taught him to spell *hat* with the finger-alphabet. His teacher then mixed up the letters again, and John, in his turn, picked out H, A, T. When he wished to go out, she hid his hat ; in distress, he sought everywhere, put his hand to his head, and tried every sign he could think of ; but he was not supposed to be understood, until he spelt *hat* on his fingers, then it was given to him ; and thus he gradually learned to talk. These were lively lessons, and required a very clever teacher ; but the lady who had befriended him was such, and, moreover, she had herself been deaf for years. Could you tell a dumb boy what *and* means ? This was the way in which John (or Jack, as he was usually called) learned the meaning of this small and useful word : Charlotte Elizabeth tied a string to her inkstand and to her pen, then she told her little scholar that the string was *and*, joining the pen to the inkstand. He at once understood, and never forgot it afterwards.


In his father's cabin the poor boy had always been harmless and amiable, and his ignorant but well-meaning parents had looked after him as best they could. As before said, however, he had been taught nothing either about this world or the world beyond ; and now Charlotte Elizabeth longed to teach him about God.

He had often been to the Roman Catholic Church,

and had seen worshippers kneel before a crucifix and say words of prayer, as if to some one they could not see ; and these things had made him wonder.

One day Jack came and asked his teacher if she had made the sun ? She said, "No." Did his mother make it, he asked again, or the Protestant clergyman, or the priest ? "No," was the reply. "Then, what, what ?" he asked, frowning and stamping impatiently. Reverently and slowly the lady spelt on her fingers the word "God."

Jack said no more then, but on the morrow he asked anxiously more about God. He was told that God was great, and good, and kind, and always looking at us. He seemed struck, and said he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not look long at it. He thought the moon was made like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the floor ; and the stars, he said, were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck into the sky with the end of the thumb. Then the poor boy looked as if he felt very wise, and was perfectly satisfied with himself. His teacher was amused, but wished earnestly to find out the way to tell him more. Next day Jack came angrily to her, telling her that her tongue ought to be pulled out for telling a falsehood. She looked innocent, and asked, "What ?" He said that he had looked everywhere for God—in and out of doors, in the street, over the bridge, in the fields, and in the churchyard. He had even got up at night to look out at the



window, but could not find God. He saw nobody big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars in the sky. His teacher was "bad;" for there was "God no—God no." The lady sat looking so still and sad, that Jack thought she had certainly said what was not true, and knew it. But presently she took up a pair of bellows, and puffed first at the fire, and then at his little red hand. He snatched it back, frowning and shivering, for he did not like this. She blew with the bellows again, saying, "What?" and pretended to look everywhere near the pipe of the bellows to see what annoyed him; then imitating his way, she said, "Wind no—wind no;" Jack must have told an untruth. His face flushed, his eyes opened, and confused and astonished, he said triumphantly, "God like wind—God like wind!" and doubted no more.

Afterwards, trying to look at the sun, and not being able to do so, he said, "God like sun"—meaning that the sun in its glory was like God, its Maker.

From this time he seemed to mingle the thought of God with every other thought. When he saw the vivid lightning flash, he called it—"God's Eye;" and when he watched the bright rainbow gleam, he called it—"God's Smile." Before this he had been given to teasing animals, but now he would move his hand over the dog or the cat very kindly, saying—"God made."

He had a great desire to fish with a rod, so he got a long stick, and bought with his only penny a piece of coarse line; then he asked Charlotte Elizabeth for some

large pins. He said he was going to bend them like a hook, and dig for worms to bait the fish. She shook her head, and pretended to be about to run the hook through his hand. He pulled it away, saying, "Bad ma'am hurt Jack;" she replied, "Bad Jack hurt worm; God made Jack—God made worm." Next day he asked if God made fishes, and said that it must hurt the fishes to tear their mouths with a hook. From that hour he could not bear to see any one angling. His whole turn of mind seemed changed from this time; still the question remained, how he was to be taught to know the Saviour of sinners; and as many children were dying of fever around, Charlotte Elizabeth became most anxious that he should understand for himself the knowledge that is above every other, because it reaches beyond this world into eternity. Therefore she prayed about it, knowing that "the shortest way to any heart is round by heaven." She asked of God, and he heard and answered her prayer.

CHAPTER II.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—MATT. XI. 25.

YOU will remember how difficult Charlotte Elizabeth found it to make clear to the deaf mute whom she had adopted, things which come quite easily to those who speak and hear. To see a funeral made Jack very thoughtful.

"Will the dead ever open their eyes again?" he asked.

His kind teacher at once put aside her work, and drew on paper a crowd of people of all ages, and near it, a large pit, with fire coming from it. She told him that he and every one were in that crowd. They were bad. God was angry. All must be cast into that pit. Whereupon Jack anxiously asked to be told more. His friend drew one figure, and made him understand that God's Son from heaven asked his Father not to let these people die; that to save them, he was nailed to a cross and died for them; and the pit was closed.

"But," said Jack, "the saved are many; how could one save them all? What, what?" he asked.

There was a bunch of withered flowers left by accident in a vase on the table. The lady took them, tore them to pieces, and laid them in a heap; then taking from her finger a gold ring, she asked him which he would like best—many dead flowers, or one gold ring?

He clapped his hands in delight, spelling on his fingers, "One, one!" The gold was like him on the cross, the dead flowers were like the great crowd. "Good one, good one," he exclaimed. And so Jack learned the preciousness of Jesus' name in his power to save sinners.

A few days after he came to Charlotte Elizabeth with a face full of dark doubting: "How could the dead live again?" It was not true. He had seen a skull; all life was gone from it for ever!

By way of answer, his teacher took up a box of

hyacinth bulbs, and scornfully looking at them, threw one out of the window.

Jack had been charmed with the bright hyacinths the year before, and he now begged her to take care of the beautiful flowers.

She replied, "All dead—no use."


Then Jack exclaimed, impatiently, "Doll, ma'am!" This was his polite way of telling his instructor that her head was as stupid as if it had been made of wood. He shewed her how the roots, when put into water, would strike downwards, and gay flowers would spring up.

He had, by this time, forgotten his first question about the raising of the dead. Suddenly he remembered it; and ever after, when he thought of the bodies in the churchyard, his one wish was to know whether those lying there, when in life, did love the Lord Jesus Christ. It was now evident that God himself taught the poor dumb boy many things never explained to him by an earthly teacher.

One day, having been with his parents to the Roman Catholic Church, he came home very angry; and setting a clothes-brush on end, made odd faces at it, pretended to chatter to it, and knelt before it. He asked the clothes-brush if it could hear him, waited for its answer, and at last kicked it round the room, saying, "Bad god!"

Next day, Jack gave another lesson to Charlotte Elizabeth. He described to her a shoot in the ground, growing up into a tree, with spreading branches; after

it had grown very high, he mimicked a woodman cutting it down, and a joiner sawing, planing, and shaping it into a crucifix. With other parts of the wood of this tree Jack pretended to make a stool, a box, &c. ; and, lastly, to throw the chips into the fire and enjoy the blaze. Where had Jack learnt the lessons of the 44th chapter of Isaiah's prophecy, if untaught by the great Teacher, since he could neither read a chapter intelligently nor hear one read? The dumb boy then pretended to bow before the crucifix, but stopped himself, saying, "No." He described the tree again, saying, "God made beautiful." He acted as if painting the green leaves, and spoke of their loveliness. Again, kicking the clothes-brush, he said he would go no more to the Romish Church. Circumstances, however, obliged him to go with his parents on the next Lord's Day, and his elder brother Pat brought home the news that Jack had all at once become so musical that he insisted on sitting near the organ to feel its vibrations. But, when alone with Charlotte Elizabeth, he told her that he chose to sit in the organ-gallery, because there he needed not to bow to the cross, and he intended always to sit there in future. One day, on being asked whether he did not pray before the crucifix, he laughed, and spelt on his finger the word — "pray,"—contemptuously, saying, "God is very good—God made little Jack deaf ;" by which he meant that he was thankful he could not hear the vain prayers offered before the crucifix. He added, he would be "dead



Jack" before he would worship gods of wood or stone or paper! Jack dreaded the power of sin and Satan over his own soul, but after he knew the Lord Jesus he always spoke of Satan as a conquered foe. He said, when he had lain in the grave a good while, God would say, "Jack," and he would start up and say, "Yes, me Jack!" He would then rise and see many gathered together, and he would see God with a large book before him. Opening it he would turn over the pages to one with John Britt's name at the top. He said, "God would look to see if there were any 'bads,'—would look—would hold the book to the light—but it was all blank—no, nothing, none!"

"What, Jack, no 'bads?'" said Charlotte Elizabeth, "Have you committed no bads?"


"Oh, yes, much," he answered; but added, with a brightening face, that when first he prayed to Jesus Christ, He had taken the book out of God's hands, and had found that page, and had allowed the wound in his hand made by the nails to bleed. He had passed his hand over the page; and now God could see none of Jack's "bads,"—only Jesus Christ's blood. Then God would shut the book, and Jesus Christ would come to him, and put his arm round him, and say, "My Jack,"—and take him to be with him where the angels stood. Jack believed in the power of prayer, and sought to live in Jesus every day. He came once to Charlotte Elizabeth, weeping, and shewed her a spadeful of earth from the garden. It was so dry for want of rain, he

said, the potatoes would never grow, and there would be famine throughout his poor land, and the Irish people would all become bone, and would be sick, and die before they had learned to pray to Jesus. All day he was sad, and at night he said he must have "long pray."

Next morning his kind teacher followed him into the garden, where he joyfully turned over the moistened earth, and told her that while Jack was asleep, God had looked at his prayer, and made a large cloud and sent much rain. Now the potatoes would grow, and the poor Irish would do well. He must next pray that God who sent the rain, would send "much Bibles."

The British Reformation Society was formed shortly after this, and Charlotte Elizabeth told Jack of its intended work—to raise money and means to spread the gospel-light in Ireland. He was deeply interested, and gave all the money he had, which was two shillings, saying, "Bid good General — tell gentlemen to send much Bibles to Kilkenny, that my father and mother, and all the poor people, may learn to break their crucifixes, and love the Lord Jesus Christ."

The lady sent the identical two shillings. The dumb boy's message was delivered, and his gift (shewn at a meeting) drew forth gold from many purses. Jack's contribution was enrolled the first of any in the account of the Society's receipts.



CHAPTER III.

“God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.”—I COR. I. 27.


It happened on one occasion that Charlotte Elizabeth sent her protégé with a note to a house. Whilst he was waiting for the answer, he was pressed to take a glass of wine by a young gentleman who knew of Jack's resolve never to touch it, and his abhorrence of intemperance. He declined it courteously, but was urged to take it again and again. Finally the thoughtless youth seized the dumb boy by the collar, drew his head back, and poured the wine into his lips. Jack, however, set his teeth so firmly, that he scarcely tasted a drop, and the wine ran down over a new waistcoat which had just been given him, and which he thought much of. He quietly buttoned his coat, returned home with the note, and shewing the wine stains, said to Charlotte Elizabeth with an exulting smile, that though the waistcoat was spoiled, God was not angry, for Jack was not drunk. He added that God had made his teeth, and the devil could not get the wine through them.

Jack could not bear the thought of the outward observance of God's service when the heart was far away. On this point he one day drew a picture of the devil leading a rich man to church, opening the pew door, setting a hassock, putting a handsome prayer-book before him, turning the leaves, and (when the whole service had been gone through) patting him on the

back, saying, "A very good pray." It was a terribly true picture of the "words without the heart, which God can never hear."

One night, a servant having gone to get something from his room, long after he was supposed to have been asleep, found him kneeling near the window by star-light, and immediately left unperceived. He afterwards told Charlotte Elizabeth that he liked to kneel by the window, that God might look through the stars into his heart, and see how very much he loved Jesus.

When his kind guardian took Jack to Dublin, she imagined that he would be astonished at the sight of so fine a city ; but he looked with indifference at the great buildings, saying that they were not "God-mades." He loved the country, for it was just as God had made it. Once, while in Dublin, Charlotte Elizabeth took Jack into a toy-shop. Being engaged in making purchases, she did not miss him from her side till she heard a great commotion at the further end of the shop. All went to see what it could mean, and poor deaf and dumb Jack was found mounted on a large rocking-horse, "tearing away at full gallop, his arms raised, his hat off, his eyes and mouth open," and everything round him in danger of destruction. The mistress of the shop was so overcome with laughter that she could not stop him. Jack afterwards told how he had gone up to the horse, and prudently found out that it would "bite no, kick no," before thus courageously mounting it. He wished to know how far he had ridden, and whether the horse was "God-made."



Much more might be said of the doings and sayings of this remarkable boy, but space forbids it. Those who wish to know further particulars of John Britt's history, are referred to a most interesting little book, called "The Happy Mute," and published by the Religious Tract Society.

It pleased God that Jack was not to grow up to manhood. A consumptive cough gaining on him, told his loving and anxious friend that he was early marked for heaven. His sufferings became great, but his patience was still greater. He never complained. When pale and ill, he was asked one morning whether he had slept; with a sweet smile he answered, "No, Jack no sleep—Jack think Jesus Christ see poor Jack—night dark—heaven all light—soon see heaven—soon no cough, no pain!"

Seeing Charlotte Elizabeth weeping, he spoke of his little sufferings, and the intense sufferings of his Saviour for him. Turning his face upwards, he added, "Jack loves, loves, very good Jesus Christ."

On some holly being brought to him on Christmas eve, he took a sprig, and pricking his hand, he shewed the scars left, and spoke of the nail-prints in the hands of Jesus. Then twisting a long shoot, as it were around his head, he described the writhing pain which piercing thorns would give, and said with tears, "Jesus Christ!" He added that the red holly berries reminded him of the drops of blood that stained the Saviour's brow when crowned with thorns.

Jack's love for Ireland grew stronger and stronger, as

did his desire that it might be delivered from the errors of Popery. "Jack's one Jesus Christ," he would say, meaning that he had no other Saviour or mediator, and needed no other. Those who had known him in health, as well as the few friends who watched the gradual loosing of the silver cord of life, wondered at the power of the Holy Spirit's teaching and guiding, in his changed heart and ways and words.

One evening when lying on the sofa, he calmly said to Charlotte Elizabeth, "A sleep!" He put his hand in hers, closed his eyes, and breathed his last so gently that she could not tell the moment when the angel of death touched him, and bade his spirit arise and come away. "He was not: for God took him." "So he giveth his beloved sleep."



LITTLE MATT THE IDIOT CHILD.



RT watching for the stars, child ?
 Know'st not that noon is high ?
 Then wherefore gazing upwards
 To scan the summer sky ?

Intent upon some problem,
 Or wrapt in radiant dream,
 He heard the winds and waters,
 And sea bird's shrilly scream.

A lonely little being
 He stood upon the strand ;
 But not a word he utter'd—
 I took him by the hand.

The breezes swept around him—
 Played with his golden hair,—
 And not till then I mark'd it,
 The child was passing fair.

His eye was wild and wand'ring,
And humbly clad was he,
And still he linger'd pond'ring
Upon some mystery.

Away among the cloud-land
There lay an isle of blue,
Whereon he fixed his vision
As though to pierce it through.

Why ever gazing sky-ward?
I asked the little one ;
For an earnest face like his,
I rarely looked upon.

" They say that God is up on high,
And Him I want to see ;
They say He sometimes passes by
In all His majesty."

The islet blue was clouded
Ere he look'd up again ;
" Another day," he mutter'd,
" I'll look, and not in vain."

I pray'd the heavenly Shepherd,
The tender lamb to fold,
For life's sad day is oftimes
As perilous as cold.

I told him—"God is righteous,
The Lord of heaven and earth,
And you and I are sinners,
Deserving of His wrath."


He listen'd while the story
From Holy Writ was read,
That tells us of the Ruler,
And all He did and said.

And how He call'd His servants
Their various debts to pay,
And one was very needy,
And fear'd the reckoning day.

This servant owed such money,
He could not make it good ;
I cannot tell his misery,
When self-condemned he stood.

I paus'd amid the story,
The child's distress was sore,
Lest he should be a prisoner
And never happy more.

Then to and fro he hurried
Upon the cold sea-beach,
And strain'd his eyes for help,
But none was in his reach.



He clasp'd his hands and mutter'd
While looking up to heaven ;
" Matt cannot pay a farthing,
O God, let help be given !"

And then he came and told me
That God would cast away,
Or send poor Matt to prison,
If he had nought to pay.

I took his hand and told him
How that could never be,
Jesus had paid the money,
And Matt was safe and free.

Then silently he wonder'd,—
I told him once again
How Jesus paid the money
That God requir'd from men.

And looking far above him
Away into the cloud,
As in prophetic vision,
He spake and cried aloud.

" I thank thee for the mercy,
Oh Man that paid for me ;
I have not any riches,
But Thou hast made me free."

Since then have days pass'd over,
The child could not forget,
He said he must be ready,
For God would want him yet.

As if upon a journey,
I met him neatly dressed,
And looking clean and happy,
Array'd in all his best.

And there and then he told me,
That God would take him soon,
And he must aye be ready,
It might be night or noon.

And whither art thou bound child ?
I ask'd if he would tell ;
"I'm going home, oh lady,
Up there with Christ to dwell !

"They often beat and tease me,
I'm sometimes very ill ;
But soon 'twill all be over,
And Jesus loves me still

"And God will take me from them,
His simple, idiot boy ;
And none shall hurt me ever,
And all will there be joy."


.
The summer had departed,
And autumn tints were gone,
The winds were blustering fiercely,
The snow was driving on.

The cold was keen and piercing,
A murmur on the air ;
“ Lo ! God has sent to take me,
And I shall soon be there.

“ Oh, Man that paid, be near me,
I shall not suffer more ;
I'm very cold and trembling,
But it will soon be o'er.”

That day the summons reached him,
They found him in a cave ;
All stiff and cold and lifeless,
The sea gull knows his grave.

His spirit soars unfetter'd,
To see his God above ;
His brow is all unclouded,
He rests in Jesus' love.



MOUNG-MOUNG.



HEN the Lord Jesus, the good Shepherd, sees that the lambs of his flock are too weak and too small to tread the rough road, in his tender mercy he takes them up in his arms, and carries them.

Moung-Moung was one of these little ones. His home was in Burmah—a land of heat and scorching sun rays. If you look in the map of Asia you will find Burmah marked on the eastern peninsula of India.

It was there that Dr Judson, the American missionary, patiently laboured to teach the people the things concerning their peace. You have, perhaps, heard of all he suffered in his great Master's cause; how he was cruelly imprisoned for the sake of Jesus, and how his word was blessed of God in winning souls for heaven.

One day Dr Judson was sowing the precious seed under the thatch of his verandah, by the wayside. He was reading aloud a little book he had written in the Burmese tongue about Jesus Christ, that passers-by might hear the words of truth.

“Father,” he heard a bright-eyed boy say, “look at Jesus Christ’s man! How shockingly white he is!” Little Moung-Moung had never before seen a white


face ; his own was the colour of a penny, and he had not learned to admire white faces.

"Hush, hush, my child," said his father, out of politeness to the stranger. The missionary glanced at the happy boy, as he skipped along, holding the hand of his father, who, in his rich silken robe and small turban, looked the very picture of a Burmese gentleman. It was a joy to see the merry child, and Dr Judson prayed in his heart that God would give him the opportunity of leading him to his Saviour.

Day by day the tall and stately Burmese passed by, and day by day the boy, his brown face rippling with laughter, made a pretty salaam or bow to the white-faced missionary. One morning, Dr Judson beckoned to the child, who needed no second bidding, to bound up the steps of the verandah. "Moung-Moung !" exclaimed his father, half-displeased, half-surprised ; and his little son's hand was again in his in another minute, his dark hair crowned with a gay new turban, and his smiling countenance beaming brighter than ever. "Is it not beautiful?" he said, pointing to the turban just given him by the missionary.

"Very beautiful," said his father, who was thinking more of his child than of it. "But you must not go there any more."

"I can't help it, father ; the white teacher has set his beautiful eyes upon me, and I can't forget it." (Now Moung-Moung had learned odd things about witchcraft from the heathen servants around him.)



"How absurd, child! He is no wizard, only a tiresome man."

"Are you angry, father?"

"Could I be angry with you, MOUNG-MOUNG?"

"Will you tell me something, father—about—my mother, whom they laid in the lonely ground? Is it true that she used to bow down to Jesus Christ?"

"Who dared to tell you so?"

"The one that told me said it was worth one's life to talk of such things to your son."

"Who told you?"

"Did my mother bow down to Jesus Christ, father?"

"What a pretty turban the foreigner has given you. It becomes you well."

"Did my mother, father?"

"There, you have talked enough, child." And with these words a shade came over the little joyous face, and MOUNG-MOUNG talked no more just then.

"Ko-Shawy-Bay," called the missionary from his verandah, shortly after they had passed, and his Scripture reader came at the call, "Did you see that tall gentleman with a little boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is he?"

"A rich man, proud and noble, a writer under Government. He does not worship idols, nor believe in them, but," added the Scripture reader, lowering his voice, "he hates Christians."

"And what else?" asked Dr Judson.

"The missionary must remember, three or four years ago, a young woman calling on him for medicine?"

"Indeed, I do not, Shway-Bay," said the missionary, smiling; "I should have a good memory if I could bring to mind all who came to me for medicine?"

"But this woman," persisted the Scripture reader, "was beautiful as an angel, and her voice was like the silvery chimes of the pagoda bells at midnight. She was the wife of the gentleman about whom you inquire, and that child—her only little boy—was very ill. She dared not send to you for medicine, so she came herself. Can the teacher have forgotten giving her the Gospel according to St Matthew, and telling her that her soul was afflicted with a worse disease than her little son's fever? Does he not remember having prayed with her?"

"I do recollect her case now, from her sorrow and thankfulness. What became of her?"

The catechist looked cautiously around, and then whispered, "They say that the medicine—I mean the Book—cured her."

"Was it so?" asked the missionary.

"She read it and prayed by night, watching her sick child," continued Shway-Bay; "but her husband found it, took it from her, and burnt it. She was gentle and afraid; so, as the child got better, she took the fever, and became weaker and more beautiful every day. Her husband loved her much, and would have done anything to save her, but she begged him in vain to

send for you. She talked much of the Lord Jesus, and entreated all who came near her to give themselves to his service ; and then, the angel called her. This is what *they say* of her, but it is not safe to *know* anything about it. The great man has vowed to destroy any one who remembers these things. Still, does the missionary think that little Burmese children would be so attracted to strangers if they had not been taught ?”

“ Ah !” exclaimed the missionary, “ and what of the boy ?”

“ He is a wonderful boy, sir. He must have caught something from his mother’s face before she went up to the golden country.”

At that moment the missionary was interrupted, and the catechist went on his way.

Some days went by, but the stern gentleman and his little boy did not pass the verandah, till one morning, when, as the missionary was thinking of them, he heard a light laugh, and saw the child spring up the steps, followed by his grave, noble-looking father.

Moung-Moung was tastefully dressed, and wore his new turban. He was carrying a cluster of plantains—luscious, orange-coloured, pear-shaped fruit.

This he placed at the missionary’s feet, smiling shyly.

His father bowed, and seated himself on the mat (for mats on the floor take the place of chairs in Burmah), and the child sat by his side.

"You are the foreign priest, sir, who makes people believe in Jesus Christ," said the visitor, by way of introduction.

"I try to do so," was the reply

"My little son here wants to know about this strange prince, and his dying for us poor fellows. A pretty fable it is, and far beyond our stupid religious books. But, of course, you and I don't believe in our respective religions."

The missionary felt shocked; he saw that the Burmese was an inquirer after Christ who put on this careless manner.

"What if I tell you," replied Dr Judson, "that I believe every word of the story, and would have all others to do so too—you and your child among the rest! But are you not afraid I may hurt your little boy by my teaching?"

The government writer looked admiringly at the out-spoken missionary, then tenderly at his child, saying, "Nothing can harm my little Mounng-Mounng, sir; you need not fear to make your story as interesting as you like."

So they both listened while the white teacher told the glad tidings of the blessed gospel; told of a lost world; of the wondrous love of Jesus; of his dying in the sinner's stead; and of the promise of forgiveness and life eternal to whosoever believeth in the blessed name.

"Hear him, father," burst in the little voice; "let us

both love the Lord Jesus; my mother did, and she waits for us in the far-off country."

Then the missionary knelt in prayer, and his visitors listened with deep attention, the child bowing till his forehead touched the ground, and clasping his hands meanwhile.

Ere they left, his father asked for one of the books of which he had heard, and a tract was given to him.

They came no more to see the missionary, but as they passed daily, he marked the thoughtful look that had settled on the little face.

Time went on; cholera broke out in the district; fires were kindled in the streets to purify the air, and loud drums were beaten amid great heathen processions to drive the evil spirits away.

The missionary and his converts were busy among the sick and dying. One dark night, after Dr Judson had gone wearily to rest, he was roused to go to the house of MOUNG-MOUNG's father. Death was already there; he knew it by the wild wail that he heard on the threshold. The little boy's faithful nurse met him, and joining in the sad chaunt, that none others might hear her words, she murmured close to the missionary, "He has gone up to the golden country to bloom for ever amid the royal lilies of Paradise. He worshipped the true God, and trusted the Lord our Redeemer. He called, and was answered. He was weary and in pain: the Lord loved him, and took him home to be a little lamb in his fold for ever!"

"When did he go?" inquired the missionary.

"An hour since, sir." Again she wailed,—“An hour with the royal lilies, and his beautiful mother of the starry eyes and the silken hand; has she not welcomed him there already?”

"Was he conscious?"

"Yes, and joyfully longed to see Jesus, talking only of him."

Then she led the way to a room where lay the body of the child, beautiful in death; and reverently lifting the coverlet, she shewed the copy of St Matthew's Gospel lying by his side.

"His own dear hand placed it there," she said.

"Then his father did not burn it long ago?" asked the missionary?

"No, he kept it and read it. This very day I read out of it to Moun-Moung about the thief who was crucified with the Saviour." She went on to say—
"His mother, my mistress, taught me of Jesus, sir. I must flee, or they will kill me; but you must see my master."

The missionary followed to the next room, where the noble Sah-ya lay on his couch dying. His suffering was gone; he could not speak.

"Do you trust in your idols at a moment like this?" asked Dr Judson. A quiver of pain passed over the now ghastly countenance, and the Sah-ya tried to clasp the death-heavy hands in prayer, but could not.

"Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," ejaculated the mis-

sionary fervently. Immediately a bright smile passed over the face, the hands fell, one long breath was drawn, and all was over.

"How dared you to send for me in such a stronghold of heathenism," inquired the missionary of the Christian nurse? For he observed the threatening looks that met him on all sides as he made his way out.


"I dared to send for you because God was here to take care of me, was the reply. Now you must go *your* way quickly, and *I mine*; life is in danger. Farewell, sir."

So they parted; but the missionary could only thank God, who had taken home the souls of the Burmese child and his father out of the reach of danger.



NO CEILING BETWEEN ME AND JESUS.

Child.

“ID the sunshine let me play
 Where the little flowers are bright,
 And the butterflies so gay
 Gleam and glance on wings of light !”


Mother.

“ See the toys upon the floor
 And the pictures on the wall—
 Shells and stones—a goodly store—
 Wherefore go and leave them all ?”

Child.

“ But this once do let me go !
 Though I like my nursery well,
 Yet I love the garden so—
 Why I love it—shall I tell ?

“ When among the flowers I play,
 Straight I look into the sky ;
 Jesus sitteth there all day
 On His throne so very high !



“ This my nursery ceiling hides ;
Here the sky I cannot see—
Only walls on all its sides,
And it seems so dull to me.

“ In the garden He is nigh ;
Nothing ever comes between
Annie and the clear blue sky ;
Ceiling is there none to screen.

“ So I love the garden best,
Jesus is so very near ;
I'm His little lamb and blest ;
While He's watching, need I fear ?”



CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.



LITTLE children, do you care
 For the thousands far away,
 'Neath an Indian summer's glare,
 Who in sin and darkness stray ?

Little children, do you know,
 In a cold and dreary land,
 There are heathen Esquimaux ?
 Help them with a loving hand—

Negroes of a darker hue,
 Men from islands of the sea,
 Who have precious souls like you,
 Tell them Jesus makes them free.

RESPONSE.

“ Yes, we know it, and we care :
 We will join us hand in hand,
 And besiege the throne of prayer,
 Though we are a little band.




“ And our mite we'll freely send—
 Though we have not much to give—
And our youthful aid we'll lend,
 That they may believe and live.

“ Will the blessed Saviour hear
 Weak petitions that we pray ?”
Courage, children, never fear :
 Christ has bid you ask to-day—

Ask that they may seek the Lord,
 Casting ev'ry idol far ;
Simply trusting in his word ;
 Christ their bright and morning Star.

Ask that in the harvest-time,
 When the wheat is gather'd in,
Multitudes from every clime
 May be bound the sheaves within.

Ask that you may meet them there,
 At that blessed harvest-home :
Ransom'd, holy, white, and fair,
 First-fruits risen from the tomb.



WILLIAM THEW THE COLLIER BOY.

“Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.”



OUR northern colliers are sturdy folk, noted for strength of endurance and out-spoken independence. They live in a manner apart from others of the working-class; yet when sorrow befalls them, all the “country-side” feels it, for “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

It was but a few weeks before the news of the victory of Waterloo sent a thrill through every British patriot-heart, that a heavy gloom overcast certain districts of the north of England in consequence of a fearful colliery accident, whereby between seventy and eighty lives were lost. One circumstance at this time peculiarly deepened the grief of surviving relatives and friends. For eight or nine months efforts were made in vain to recover the bodies of the forty-one men and thirty-four boys who were buried underground. Not until the following January was it found possible to make a way

into the shaft, penetrate the long-sealed sepulchre, and bear away the remains of the poor suffocated pitmen.

Then was new sympathy awakened, and many benevolent visitors from various parts might have been seen going in and out among the cottages of the bereaved, as the sad tidings spread to the neighbouring towns.

But what did the ministering strangers learn in that usually quiet village of Wallsend, amid its green fields and black pathways, within a short space of the broad dark Tyne flowing past them to the sea? Many a sad story. One of them was related to the writer by a lady who had moved among these scenes. It was told to her by a weeping and widowed mother, under whose little roof were three coffins, containing the remains of her husband and two sons, a sight the visitor could never forget!

It was with a full heart that the widow told her how, in the grey dawn of a May morning, her husband and her boys had left home for the pit, each with his safety-lamp. They knew no foreshadowing of evil. They had not been long gone when an alarm was given that the waters from some old workings had rushed into the pit and was flooding it. Now this pit, like many others, was very large; so (as was afterwards ascertained) the men, when they knew of the danger, went to a more distant part to which the water did not force its way. There they waited; they had enough to eat, and they felt sure that everything would be done to save them by those over-head on the lightsome green earth they had

left. Unfortunately this coal-pit had only one shaft or entrance; and into this shaft or entrance the water burst and rose with fearful rapidity. Thus the only means of escape for the colliers was cut off. Hour after hour slowly passed, and probably several days and nights, in dreadful suspense. The fresh air became exhausted. With the rushing water from the neighbouring pit, much foul air must have found its way in. Now we know that a certain amount of fresh air or oxygen is necessary to life. Terrible then must have been the situation of these poor pitmen, with certain death before them! They saw the flame of one lamp after another choked into darkness by the poisonous gases; and then one after another of their number gasping, and falling a victim to the last enemy.

But the widowed mother went on to tell the visitor how many earnest Christians (mostly Wesleyans) were amongst those perishing men, and how many of the lads were Sabbath scholars, her own sons among the rest. And she could add that her boys loved their Bibles, and had learned to pray. They had long known themselves to be lost sinners, saved by Christ; and she felt sure that during that dreary and hopeless imprisonment they had spent their time in begging others to come to Jesus and partake of everlasting life in Him, and in committing their own souls to His care. Of her own son, William, the mother could specially feel this; for a precious treasure was found in his pocket, and was brought to her from the dark coal mine, inscribed with a message

for her. It was William's tinder or candle-box (which the writer has seen).


In the stifling close pit, by the dim light of his little lamp, he had scratched with a nail his last words, in his rough, round handwriting, to comfort his mother.

This was the message he wrote on the clumsy shaped tin box: "Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did."

On the other side of the tinder-box, William had written at his father's bidding, "If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God and thy mother. JOHN THEW."

Perhaps William's brother John was in another part of the colliery, and separated from them while these words were being written, and they hence hoped that he had found means to escape.

Like Paul and Silas in the inner prison at Phillipi (their feet fast in the stocks), these colliers rejoiced in tribulation, and could sing songs in the night. He who said, "I will not leave you comfortless," was with them, upholding them amid the most dismal and terrible circumstances that could well be imagined on earth—shut up in a living grave. Nor shall one of the promises of the Lord to His people ever fail those who, in the power of exceeding grace, are enabled to grasp them, and to cling to the blessed Saviour. To such as believe in His name, death is the beginning of a glorious and endless life.



A REVERIE.



NLY a patch of sky !
 It was dull, and cold, and grey ;
 It was all my eyes could scan
 In the gloaming far away !

Calm was the hour and still,
 And my thoughts would come and go
 At the beck of reverie,
 Whether darksome or bright their flow !

Watching that patch of sky ;
 Like a lightning-flash—behold,
 There cross'd it a swift-wing'd bird,
 That was fleck'd with the sheen of gold !

Whence was it bath'd in light,
 As it cleft the upper air ?
 And then, why its earnest haste ?
 Not of earth, it was far too fair !

Catching the sunset glow,
(A sunset I could not see,)
It was heeding nought below,
But to haste where its home might be.

Winging my flight like thee,
I'm a bird of passage glad !
Thou hast whisper'd words for me,
O thou stranger in gold y-clad !

Upward and on like thee,
Heeding nought else would I have;
From these earthly cares set free,
Not a moment of time to waste !

Kindred and home in heaven,
Should I love to tarry here,
Mid these skies so dull and grey,
And these regions so cold and drear ?

Nearing that glorious home,
I should like, while on my flight,
Some reflection fair to catch
From its pure unchequered light.

Homeward and heavenward bound,
This one thing I fain would do,
While forgetting things behind,
To that Hope and that Home be true.



NONE LIKE JESUS.

NONE like Jesus ! We have proved it,
 Since we cast us at His feet,
 Erring, guilty, and polluted,
 All our sin on Him doth meet.

None like Jesus ! When we wander'd
 All forgetful of His love,
 O how tenderly He check'd us,
 Long and late the spirit strove.

None like Jesus ! Though we slighted
 Oftimes His most gracious call ;
 Hath He suffered us benighted
 Still to stray and still to fall ?

None like Jesus ! He who sought us,
 Though we loved to go astray ;
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 Turn'd the Father's wrath away.

None like Jesus ! When He found us
We were helpless and forlorn ;
With the cords of love He bound us,
Rais'd the suff'ring, heal'd the torn.


None like Jesus ! Can we ever
Wander from His fold again ?
Shall an earthly trifle sever
Us from love's eternal chain ?

None like Jesus ! Yet forsaking
Living springs that quench'd our thirst,
Doth He find us oft partaking
Of the draught that sin hath curst ?

None like Jesus ! All within us
Fills us with dismay and fear ;
Till the love of Jesus win us,
Life is chill and dark and drear.

None like Jesus ! We are faithless,
False, and fickle, every hour,
But Thy saving grace is changeless,
And we cling to Thee for power.

None like Jesus ! Rock of Ages !
Blessed Saviour ! changing not,
When the conflict fiercely rages,
When the battle waxes hot.



None like Jesus ! Precious anchor !
Other hope we need have none ;
Christless sinner, can ye venture
On the tide of life alone ?

None like Jesus ! We have found Him,
And we dare not loose our hold ;
Here is love and grace abounding !
Here the Pearl of Price untold !

Blessed Jesus ! Keep us ever,
Else we fall away from Thee ;
Let Thy presence leave us never,
For we would Thy glory see.



"NULLA DIES SINE LINEA."



O day without some line engraved upon the scroll
of life ;

Nor hour except some foe be faced upon the
field of strife !

We need the force of mightier strength than these poor
arms can boast—

A proven armour—subtle skill, to oppose the treacherous
host !

Too oft the sword is idly sheath'd, the warrior weary
grows,

The shield in dust dishonour'd lies, and conquest crowns
the foes.

And yet 'tis registered in heaven against our names this
blot—

That sin reigned master all the day ! the aim was
missed—forgot.

And so the lines of record shew small faithful fighting
done,

And many days most blankly black—nought gained—
though well begun !



Is such the life we vowed to lead when first we saw the
cross ?

To shrink when dangers were decreed, and dread both
wounds and loss !

Oh Christ ! can we thy warriors be, so listless in the
strife,

Though Thou was victor once for us and sealed the day
with life !

Weak in the conflict, humbl'd low, and daz'd with guilt
and sin,

We thank Thee Thou hast won the day that we could
never win !

And now because Thy stripes have heal'd, Thy death
hath given us life,

Oh bid us rise, more faithful grown, anew to wage the
strife.

Weld Thou the sword and arm in one, Thy blood these
twain unite,*


That so no day its course may run without some line of
light.

Then not to us the glory given, the crown of crowns is
Thine,

And henceforth not a day shall pass without some
blessed line.

* It is said of a certain Viking in Scandinavian Saga, that on the battle-field his blows were aimed uncertainly till sword and arm were welded into one through blood ; then only he knew that every stroke he dealt told true and sure against the foe.

MUSIC.

HE sound of the wild waves rolling free ;
The voice of thy friend holding converse with
thee ;
The song-birds breathing their sun-set lay ;
While the flowers whisper peace 'neath the south wind's
sway ;
The merry laugh of the mountain child ;
A fragment of Eden undefil'd ;
Its voice and its power like a holy chain,
Encircle the earth till they meet again.



ANDREW HOFER.

[The above name must rank for all time in the first roll of hero-patriots, such as Leonidas the Defender of Thermopylæ, and the brave William Tell. Thrice in the beginning of this century did Andrew Hofer free Switzerland from the oppression of the French and Bavarians. At the head of a small band of faithful mountaineers, assisted by some Austrian troops, he hurled down "death-darts" on the foe from the rocky fastnesses of the Tyrol. He was the terror of the invaders, till he was taken prisoner through treachery by the troops of Napoleon I. The sad sequel is recorded below.]

[FROM THE GERMAN OF MOSEN.]



SO Mantua in fetters
 Hofer, the brave, they led ;
 The foemen thither took him
 To lay him with the dead.
 The heart of every brother
 For grief and shame doth bleed ;
 All Fatherland and Tyrol
 Shall blush for this dark deed !



Brave Hofer hasteth onward
 (His hands in shackles bound),
His step is calm, though o'er him
 The death-sheen spreads around !
Those hands have hurled (how often !
 The death-darts down the vale,
From Iselberg on foemen !—
 Brave Son of Tyrol—hail !

But when from dungeon window
 In fortress'd Mantua,
For aid, his brave war-brothers
 Outstretch their hands, he saw,—
Aloud they heard him crying,
 “ May God be with each soul,
With German realms betray'd,
 And with our own Tyrol ! ”

In vain tattooes are beaten,
 The drums refuse to sound,
While 'neath the gloomy gateway
 Brave Hofer standeth bound !
See firm upon the ramparts
 He stands, though fetter'd, free !
The man of all the Tyrol,
 For true to death is he !

To kneel the foemen bid him—
“That will I not!” saith he,
“But standing, will I die here,
As I have foughten, free!
Long live good Emperor Francis!
And thou, my much-lov’d land;
May Tyrol aye have freedom—
Be free as now I stand!”

His hands they loos’d—the corporal
His fetters flung away;
And for the last sad moment
Did Andrew Hofer pray:—
“Now, take your aim—I’m ready—
And fire—Ah! badly shot!—
Adieu! Tyrol,—my country!”
And Hofer falls—is not!



AS THOU WILT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDÆMILIA ELIZABETH, A.D. 1660.

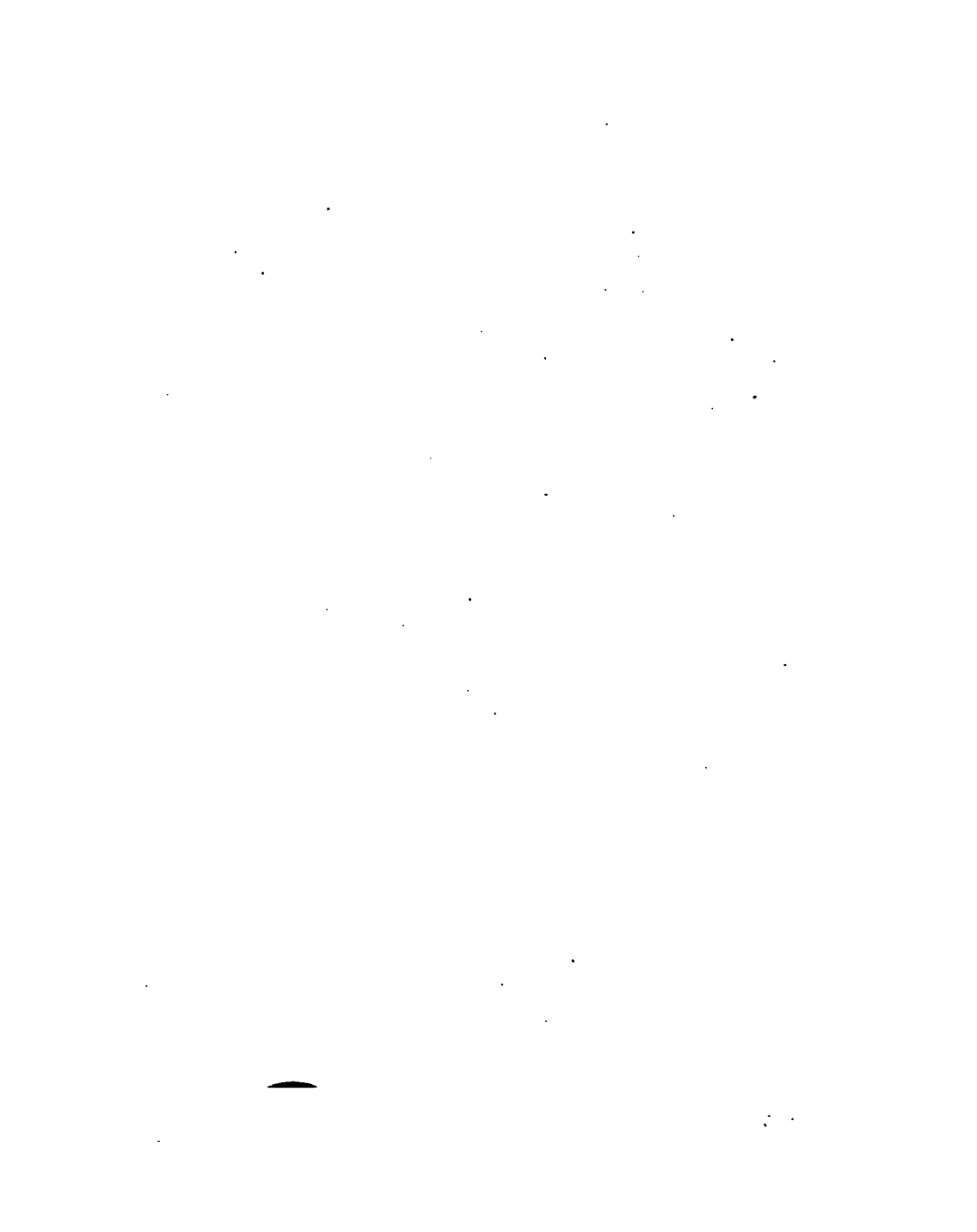


ESUS, Jesus, nought but Jesus !
 Thou art my Desire and End !
 Here I make with Thee agreement,
 I my will to Jesus bend !
 Thus my heart with Jesus filled,
 Crieth ever, " As Thou wilt ! "

Late and early, Lord, I love Thee !
 Thou art He in whom I live ;
 And I yield Thee back, Lord Jesus,
 All that Thou to me dost give !
 Dipp'd in blood by Jesus spilt,
 Lead me, Saviour, as Thou wilt !



(





3 6105 005 157 891

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE



